

a b c d e

f g h i j

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z

... some pictures and photographs



ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
...and some pictures  
and photographs



Asher Richelli



ABODEFGHIJKLM  
NOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
...and some pictures  
and photographs



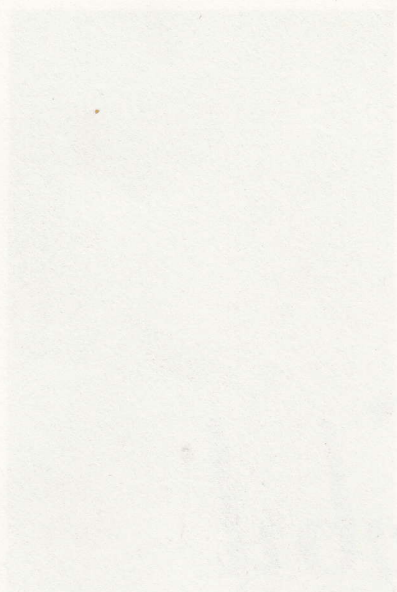
Author: Mitchell



for Sybil









Amanda Saslow

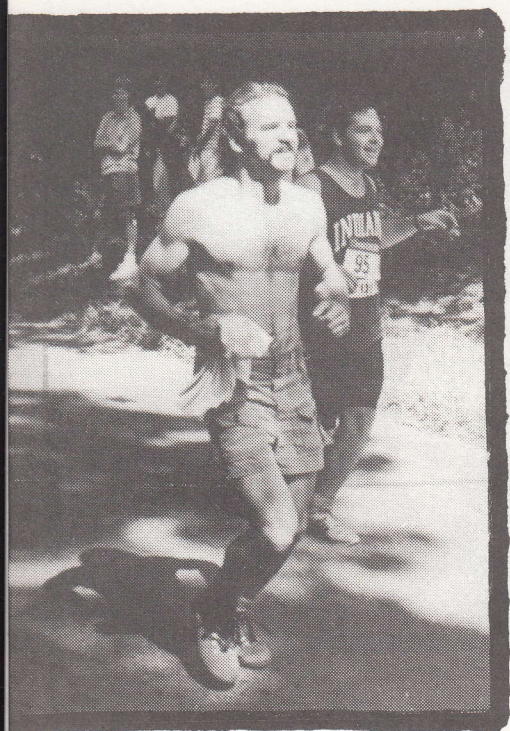


Dylan Fitch



Maryn Duke





Seth Gitner



Whitney Lawson



Dan Finkelstein





Staci Lichterman



Katie Hagman

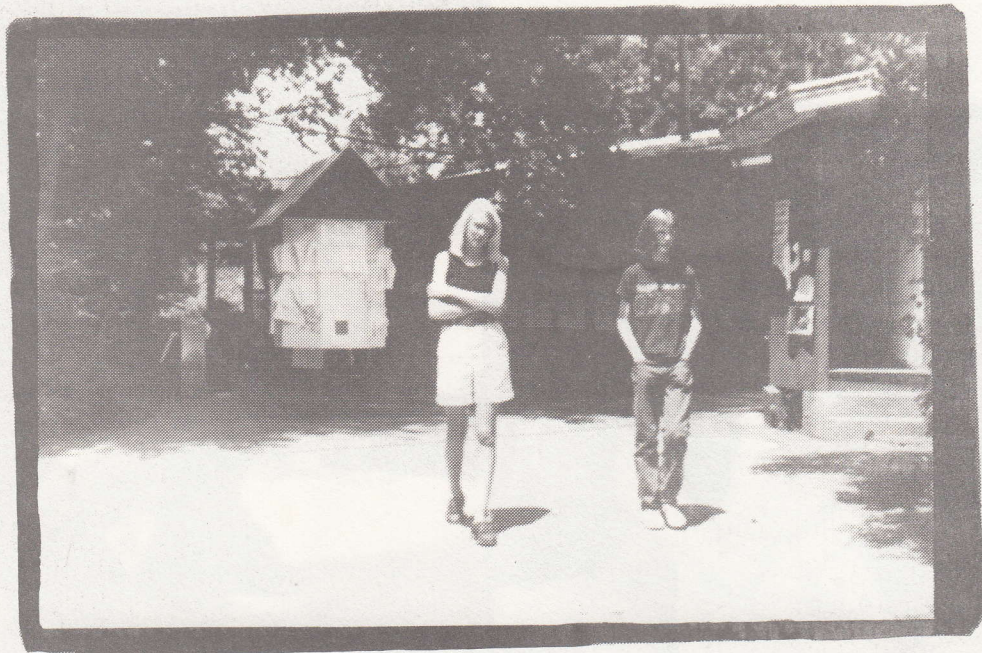


Andrew Rubin



Jordana Haspel

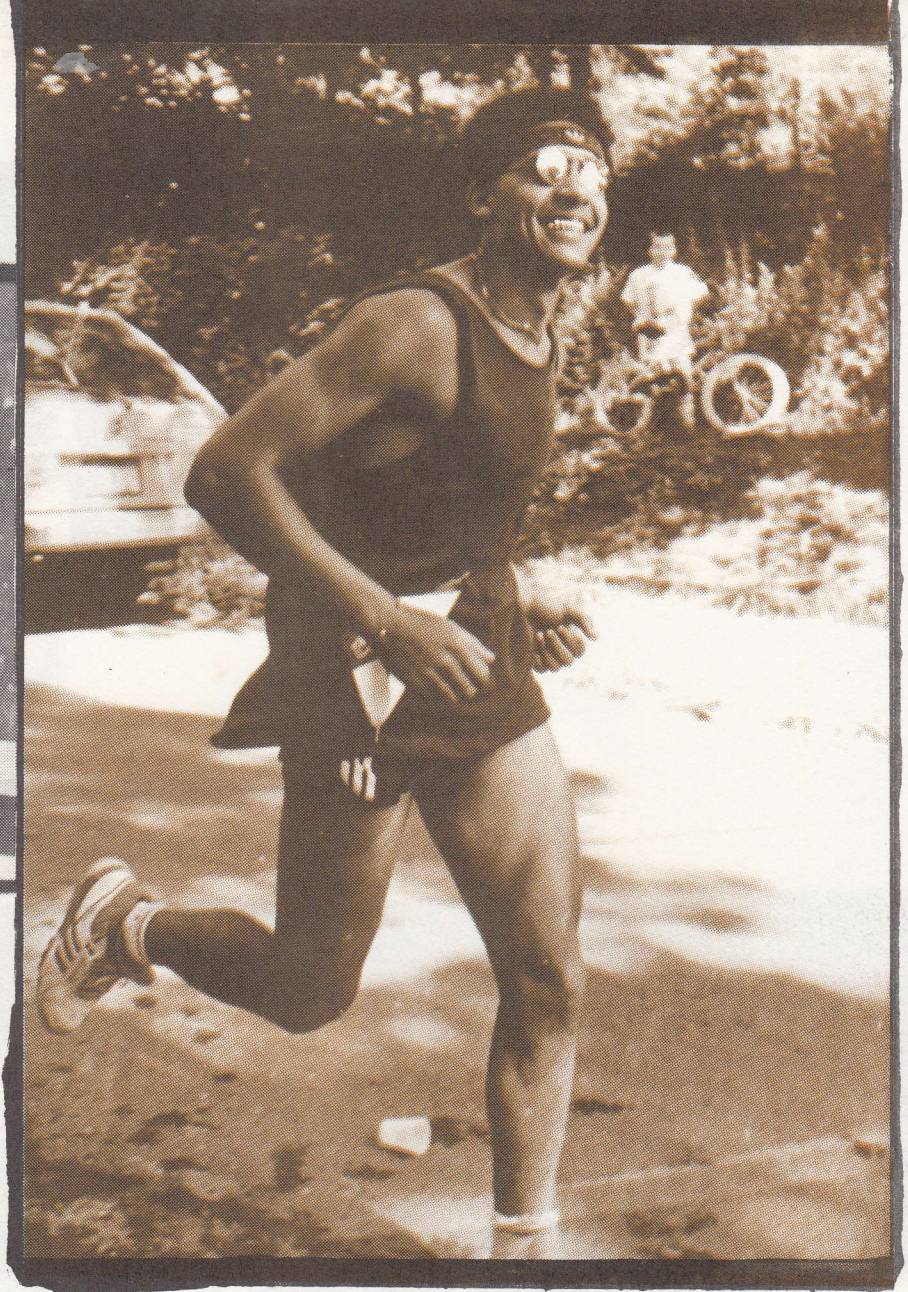




Staci Lichterman







Seth Gitner

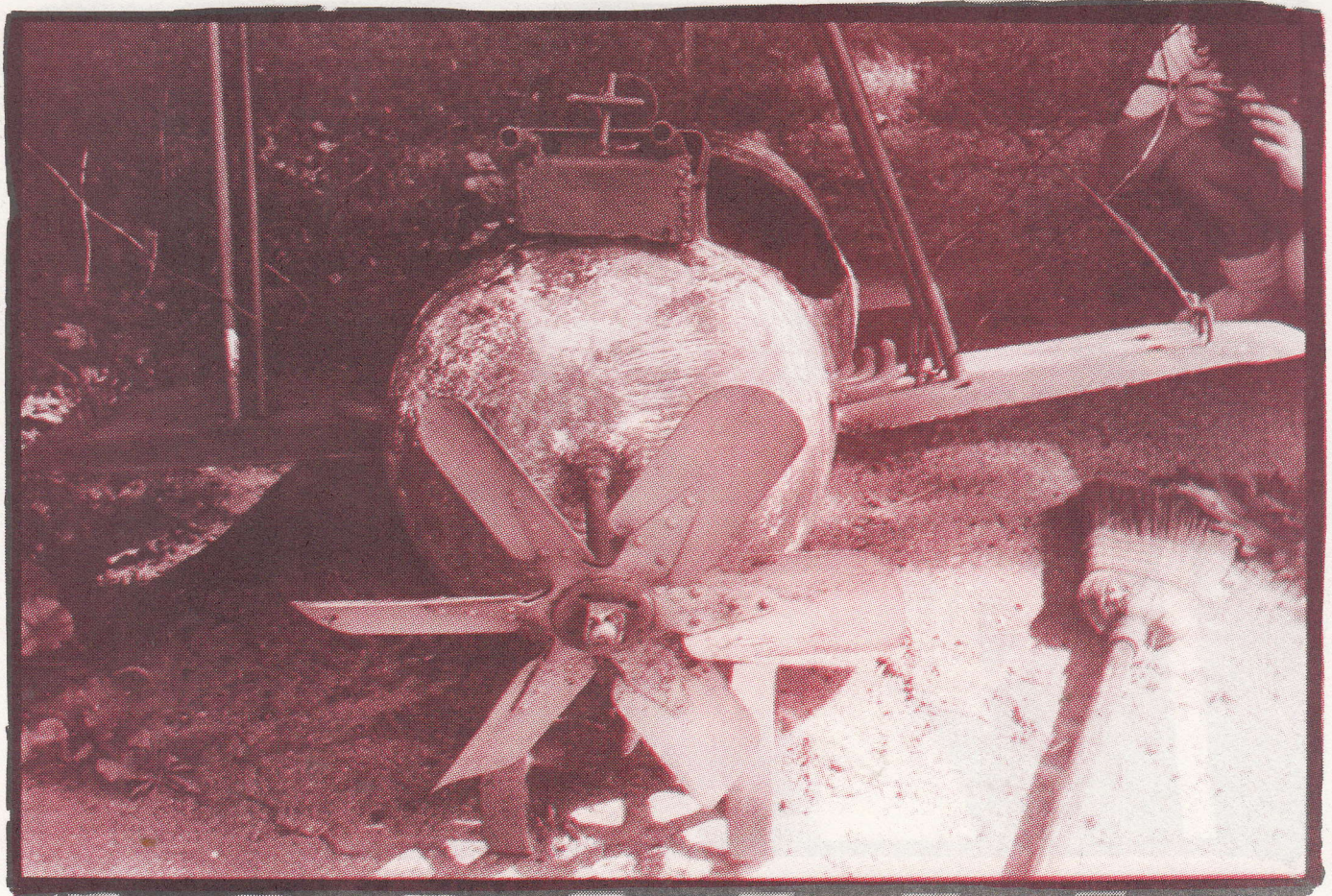






Amy Tuckett

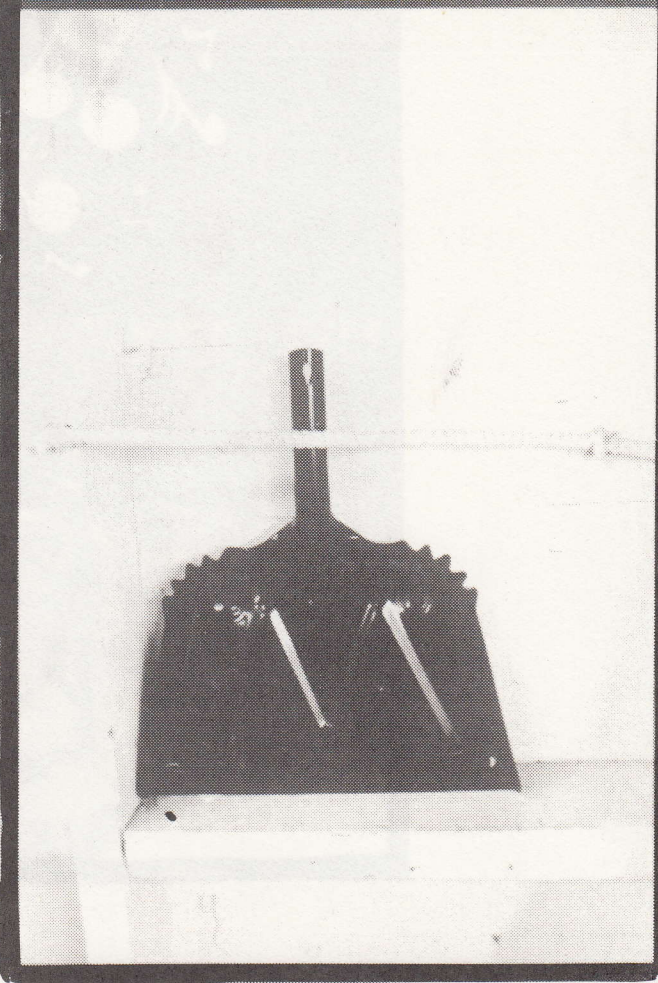
Tracy Grant







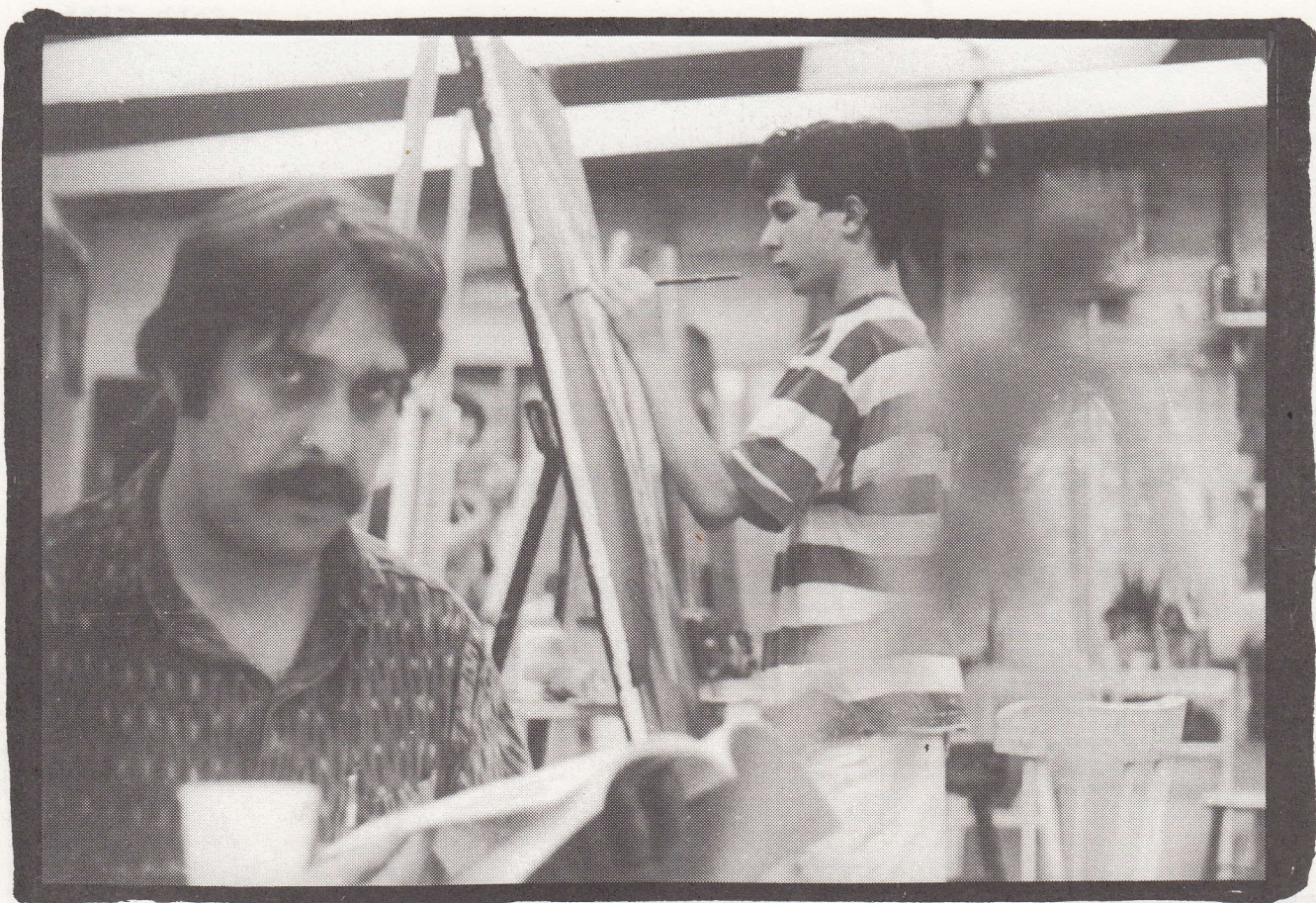
Tracy Grant



Faith Sugarman

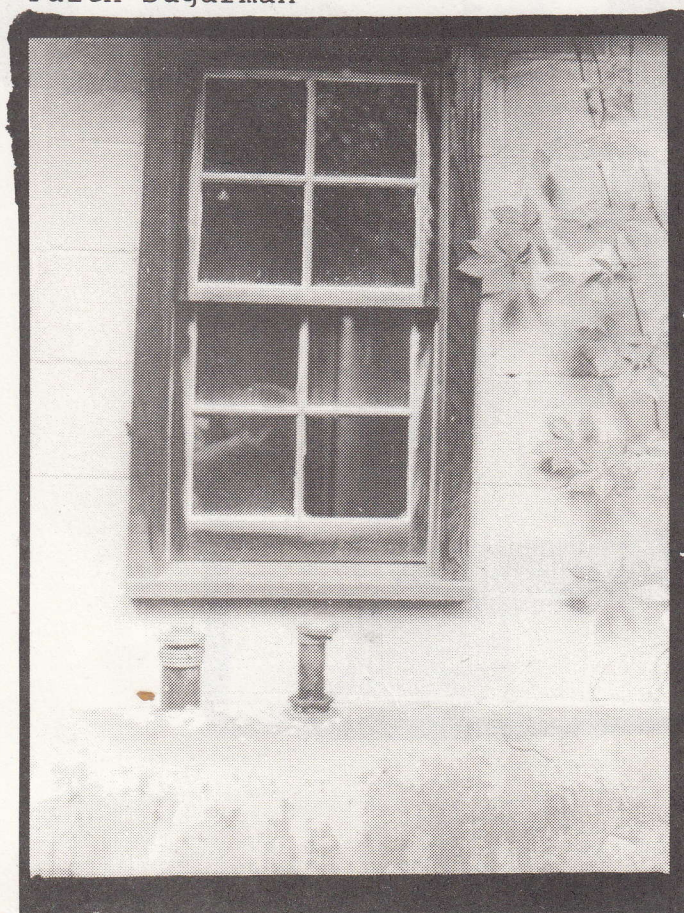






Whitney Lawson

Faith Sugarman

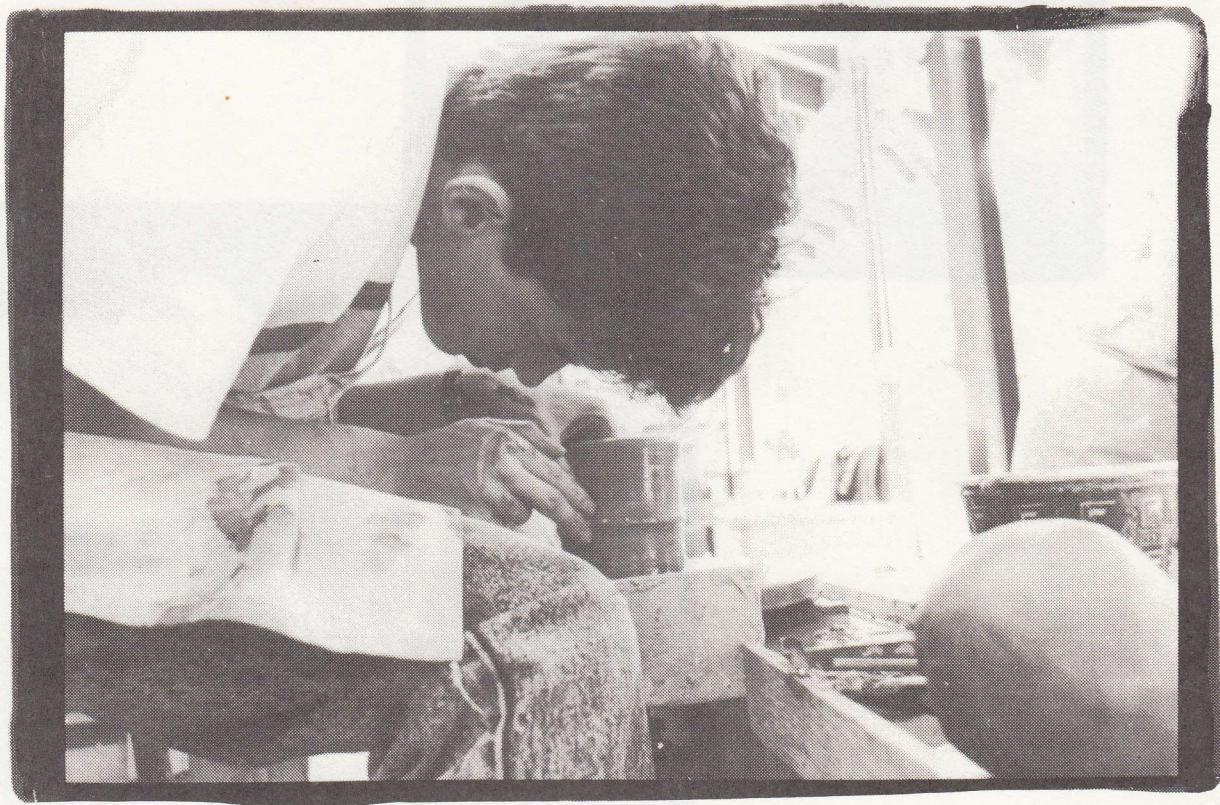


Andrew Rubin

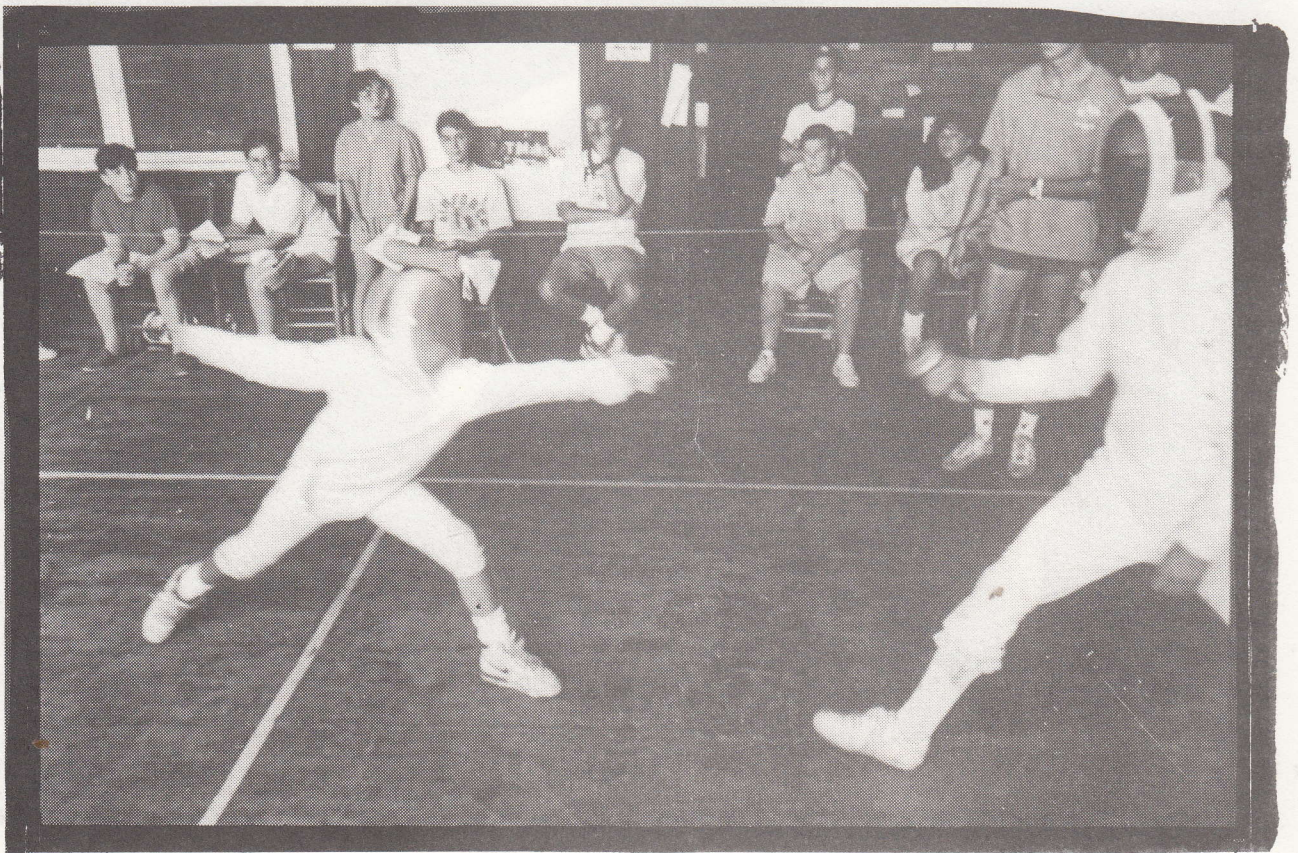
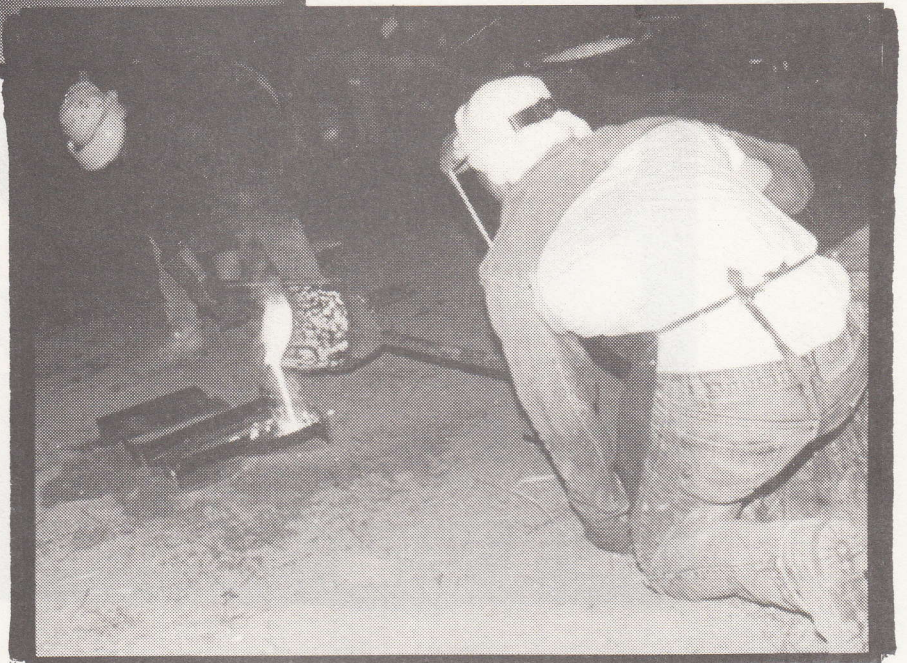
















Faith Sugarman



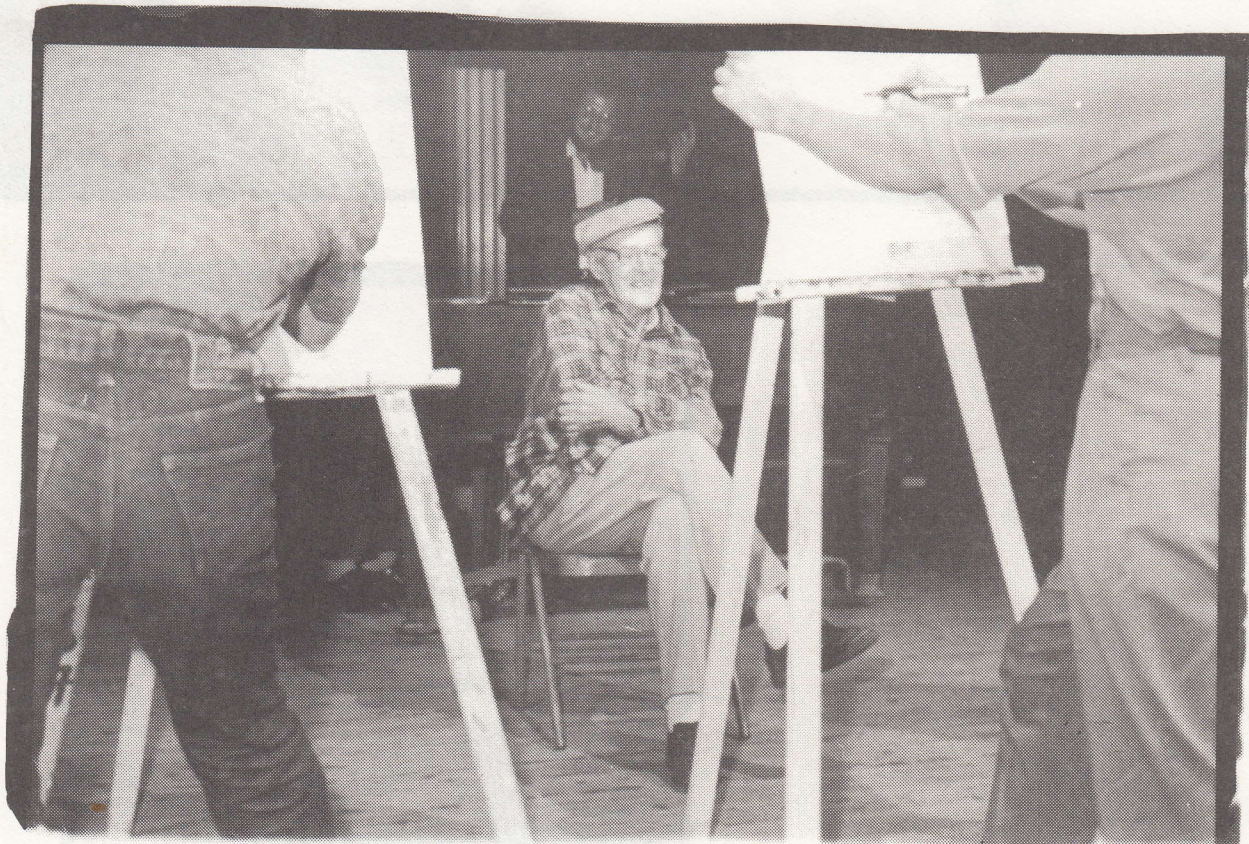




Seth Gitner -



Caroline Werner





Edgar Degas purchased once  
A fine El Greco, which he kept  
Against the wall beside his bed  
To hang his pants on while he slept

Richard Wilbur







## Art Shop



Whitney Lawson

A key turns in the lock, the great wooden doors roll and whirl away, the lights turn on, Beethoven springs to life on the radio, coffee starts brewing. A few minutes later the gong rings, but the day has already begun in the Art Studio. It is a curious place. Home of counselor seminar and Mr. Coffee, the art shop has something for everyone.

In the beginning there were eight staffers (none of whom had worked in the art shop the year before), an empty studio, and an incomplete Utrecht shipment. It was chaos. Pretty soon we settled in and Chris arrived to complete the group. This year Bill taught us printmaking, and, with the help of visiting artists Yugi, Kristina, and Roy, we all learned

the fine art of monotyping. In search of good food and inspiration, we took 40 campers on a field trip to the Yale University art museums and (although New Haven was not the beautiful, gracious city we had expected) had a great time. Picasso, Duchamp, Giacometti, and Chinese food. Quelle jour.

On Bastille Day James introduced us to Rose Selavy and the dulcet tones of Edith Piaf. Chris finally recruited Jason Goldstien on his crusade for Democracy in China. Niko showed campers how to use the airbrush and Jessica and the CIT's swept, scrubbed, stretched, and gessoed their little hearts out. The Get-A-Life campaign was created for those who left without cleaning



seth gitner

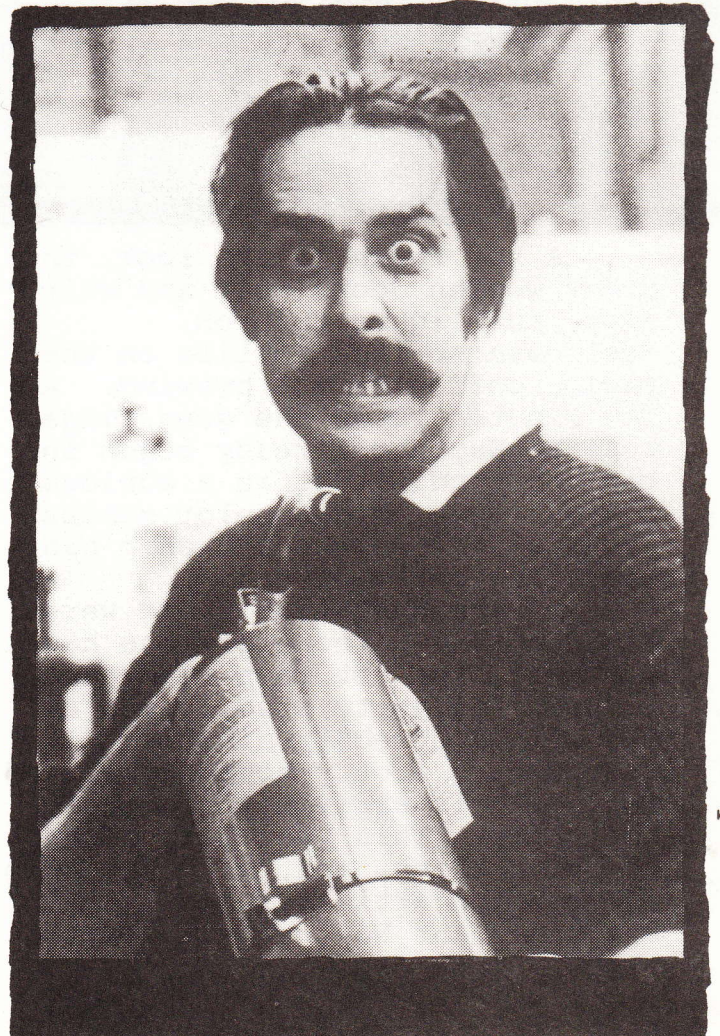


| IN                             | OUT                       |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------|
| McElhinney                     | Dupree<br>(temporarily)   |
| Mr. Coffee                     | Urinade                   |
| Fine Art                       | Macrame ashtrays          |
| Monotypes                      | watercolors               |
| landscapes &<br>self-portraits | spaceships &<br>dragons   |
| Tanita Tikaram                 | Don't worry;<br>Be happy  |
| Matte medium                   | Tape paintings            |
| Debbie Stutz                   | Yves Klein                |
| CIT's                          | ...to lunch<br>counselors |

up. Figure drawing classes challenged our skills of observation while camper beatings were suspended. Darn. We started the great sign wars with the photo shop which we eventually won, outwitting super-hoover with a barrage of inspired prose, but that's another story...

The art studio had a hip-hop, super-fresh summer this year. We made etchings and drawings and paintings and signs--not to mention some of the very best messes I've ever seen. Special thanks to James McElhinney whose dedication and style are much appreciated. Just remember... Don't Tape; Be Painterly, and I'm working on the irony. We'll miss you, James!

Whitney "sloppy" Lawson



Whitney Lawson





Once upon a time in the land of the artistically frustrated, there lived six fearless heroes of ancient Indonesian lineage, united by their burning desire to discover a new medium of expression. George, our dashing young hero, led the merry band: Laura, Deborah, and their apprentices Chloe, Benjy, and Amara.

One night, a vision appeared before George. Lo and behold! It was a giant eye batik!

"Go forth into New Milford!" said the eye, "and buy rolls of newsprint, wax pots, useless irons, toxic dyes, and Carly Simon tapes.

In the morning, George ran to his five comrades.

"Quick, quick! Pack your bags!" he cried. "We're going to New Milford."

Fear struck the hearts of the artists, for they knew that their journey would be a long and difficult one.

"Don't worry!" cried George. "Just imagine an open-air studio of our very own."

So, without a moment's notice, they plunged into the

tropical paradise Batik--swatting off mosquitoes with their paint-brushes.

After several days of jungle travel, they emerged to see the lemon-yellow sun setting over the turquoise waves of the ocean.

"There across the ocean lies our promised open-air studio!" cried George for the fifty-billionth time. But still there remained the problem of how to cross the water.

"Oh, this is great, just great," said Amara. "We'll be stranded here forever to dye and rot. I should have stayed at home, serving vegetarian lasagna."

"I know," exclaimed Deborah, digging into her pockets, pulling out hundreds of batiked scarves of all different shapes and sizes. "I knew I'd use these for something!"

"We'll construct a boat," articulated Benjy, dancing down the beach.

Laura sat down prettily in the sand and began stapling wooden frames together. George ran excitedly down the beach taking polaroid pictures. Chloe wandered



around looking platinum in a bikini.

Benjy and Deborah tied the last knot in the sail and they were ready to set forth on the last stretch (get it?) of their journey towards the aforementioned promised open-air studio.

Approaching their destination, they encountered their last obstacle. Huge black clouds began gathering overhead, and they were forced to land on a densely wooded, tick-infested island. Gathering her scraps of fabric around her, Deborah stepped off the boat and was immediately surrounded by hoards of busy savages. "Why, they look like campers," she cried. Shaking out her long, blonde hair, Laura emerged from the vessel. The hearts of hundreds of young men were immediately smitten by her beauty.

"This is so cool," said the CITs.

George stepped onto the shore and pointed to a distant hilltop. "Comrades, look! Can you smell the wax? Can you hear the humming of our brand new sewing machine, the faint strains of a Carly Simon tape?"

Suddenly, a melodious chime echoed through the hills: "Gong, Gong, Gong!"

"Snack!" cried the savages, deserting the six heroes.

"Snack?" asked Deborah, Laura, Chloe, and Amara. "But no one in the Batik Shop eats snack!"

/bah-Tēk/ batik is an ancient Indonesian, wax-resist process which we use...

And so can you!

Amara Baumgarten  
Chloe Grimshaw



Seth Gitner



## Bargello

Once upon a time, in a kingdom far, far away, there ruled a king named Lou. He had a son, Prince Danny, who was the perfect crown prince in every way except that he had a very short memory. Because of this, when the three new duchesses of the province of Weaving set up their administration, they found that the Prince had forgotten to tell them to rule over a nearby region, Bargello, in addition to their own land.

However, the three duchesses were working very hard to set up a government for their own people and didn't have the time or energy to help the people of Bargello.

This was brought to the attention of King Lou, who appointed Amy as a new duchess to look after Bargello.

So Duchess Amy set up her government and ruled well, joined later by the Duchess Dylis. They rule Bargello still. It's a land of contented subjects who work hard to make beautiful pillows, wall hangings, and eyeglass cases out of their handiwork.

Bliss Temple





## Ceramics

It's not just the pot shop anymore! Clay projects at Buck's Rock this summer ranged from shoe-making to foot-throwing, circuses to dinner parties, pit firing to adobe, and goat modeling to figure modeling.

Wooden shoes can be found from Holland to Japan, but only Buck's Rock boasts clay shoes: sandals, pumps, sneakers, and even bunny slippers. On the other foot, one intrepid camper attempted to throw pots with her feet!

Where can you find ferocious animals, daring riders, beautiful lion tamers, and hilarious clowns? No, not WBBC, but the ceramics circus. A group project since the beginning of the summer, the circus brought campers together to make animals, performers, and even spectators out of clay. Later, visiting artist Anita Powell led an artistic dinner party with participants in wood and batik as well as clay.

Two different Native American ceramics traditions were also explored this summer. One was pit firing, a Pueblo Indian method of producing polished blackware pottery. The ware is fired in sawdust, using a homemade brick kiln. Also popular was an adobe workshop taught by Gustavo Tejerino, a Bolivian architect who constructed adobe houses in Mexico following a devastating earthquake.

In addition, prospective sculptors were able to take advantage of figure modeling sessions, thanks to volunteer models from the dance studio. Those interested in non-human figures had some volunteers from the animal farm stop by for a visit.

This was not to say that pottery was not made. An abundance of mugs, bowls, plates, and vases spun off the busy wheels. Pottery formed an important part, but only a part, of the broad and varied clay experience here at Buck's Rock.

Alison Levy

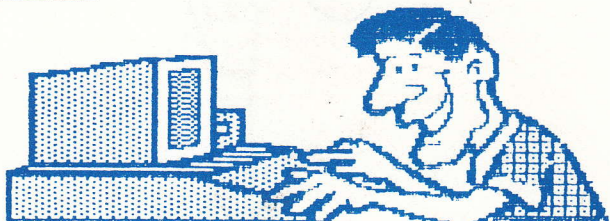


Seth Gitner



# COMPUTER

Most people think computers are boring, but I think that they are really interesting. For example, this year at the computer shop, we had Logo, BASIC, LogoWriter, Newsroom (a program for creating small newsletters), Print Shop, AppleWorks, Apple IIe's, a color monitor, games, programming, and most of all, fun. One of this year's main interests at the computer shop was The Buck's Apple newsletter.



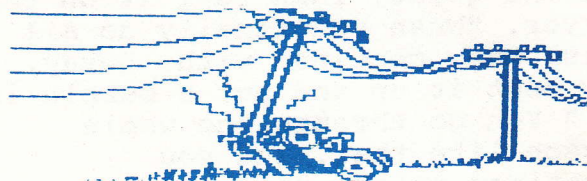
The Buck's Apple was the Newsroom-produced computer newsletter for Buck's Rock. It contained several articles by campers, as well as some regular columns, jokes, and puzzles. Copies were distributed around the camp by campers; they were also available in the computer shop.



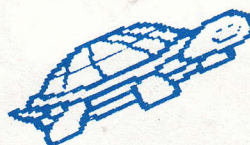
The Newsroom was only one of the many software packages in the computer shop. We had Chessmaster 2000, a great chess program. We also had LogoWriter, which is a "logo show" program. It allows people to write programs, adventure games, or even passive programs, where the user just sits back and watches. We also had AppleWorks, an Apple-produced word processor/data base/spreadsheet program. We used it to help produce The Buck's Apple newsletter and for personal work.

Another important piece of software in the computer shop was the Print Shop. With it, we printed banners and signs for activities such as the Space Alien Ball, the changeover party, and the 50's Hop.

All in all, we had a lot of fun in the computer shop this year. I think it's a great shop that should continue to be available to campers in years to come.



Michael Handler  
Jef Pearlman





## Glass Shop

The Glass Shop....

The Glass Shop was definitely the place to have been this summer. "Why?" you ask. Well, because of our wonderful counselors, Steve, Gus, and Todd. Also because of Simon, our JC, and our CIT, Peter. The staff is terrific, even if sometimes they are a little repetitive. For example, when you are starting, they might say something like, "Okay, blow through the pipe. Now, get the glass. Then roll it on the marver. "When you finally do all this, they continue with, "Okay, now heat it up and put a bubble in it." You go through the whole lesson like that, and you sometimes think, "If only he would leave me alone, I could make a piece better than even his best."

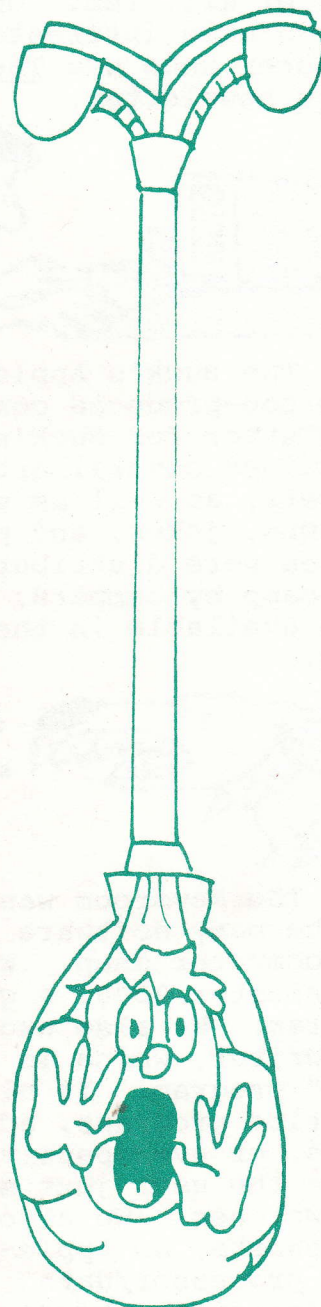
Unfortunately, you are sometimes the one who makes a mistake. When your piece comes out folded over and ruined, the teachers wonder, "Did this person forget everything that I taught?"

If you work well though, you can make beautiful goblets, cups, pitchers, plates, perfume bottles, and more. Of course, if your piece comes out badly, you can always sell it as modern art.

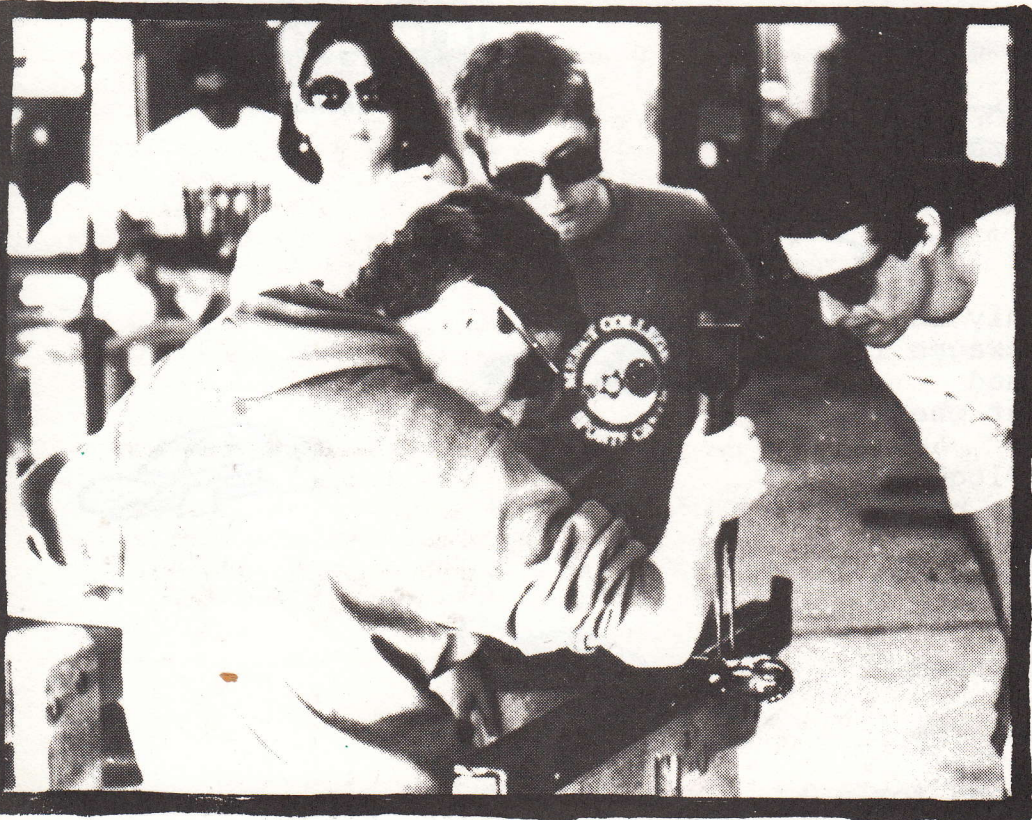
The attitude towards Glass this summer was great. Maybe that is why we had such a good time. Or, maybe it was just dumb luck. In either case, nobody is complaining.

...Definitely the place to be!

Josh Kizner



*MathSchwartz*



Seth Gitner



# Leather

Set aside from all the rest, floating on the surface of the stormy septic field sits a battered old submarine. It is a handsome old submarine complete with portholes. It is even painted muddy green to camouflage itself.

At your first look this sub may appear deserted, but if your look a second time it is likely that you will hear a friendly "Mew!" and see an adorable orange tabby by the name of Maazy pad into view. Maazy's message is simple: "Welcome to the leather shop!"

Now you are so curious that you open the submarine's door and walk inside. It's like another world! It's a cozy little house. Dozens of colorful scarves are hanging on the walls. On one side you can see a big old comfy bed where a bunch of kids are sitting, giggling and sewing various leather items. Other kids are picking from approximately 50 types of leather. The leather

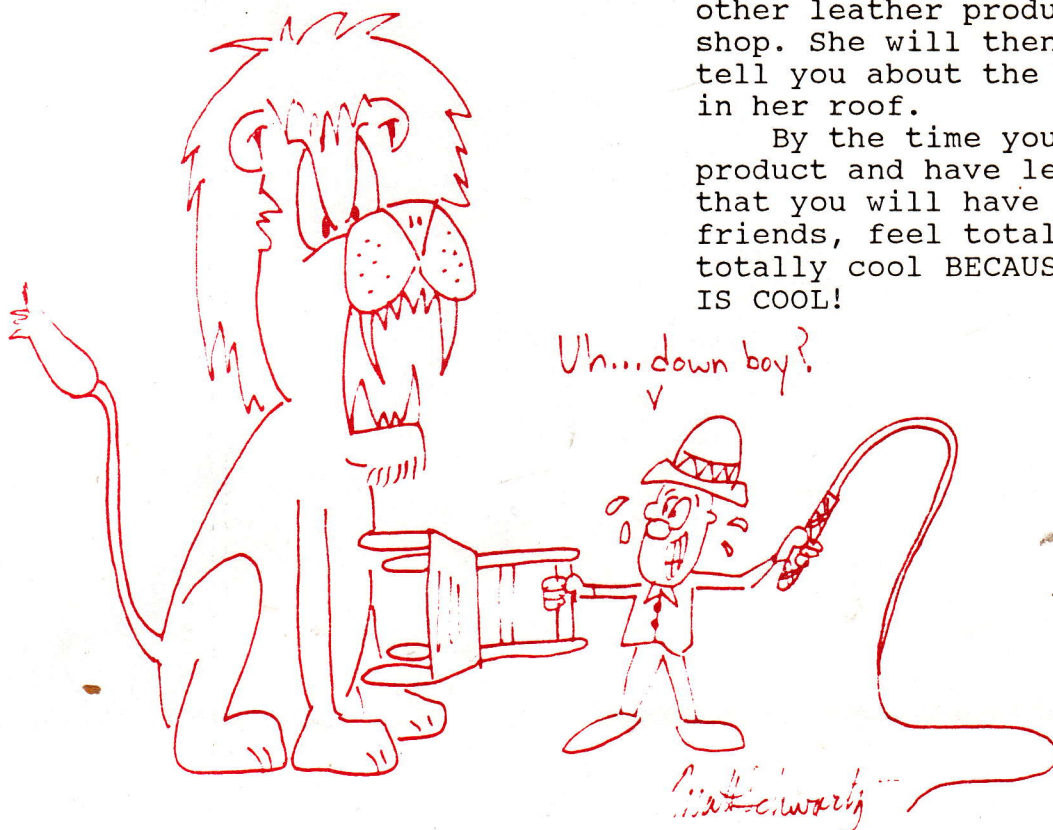


shop smells of that wonderful smell of a brand new Jaguar. Two enormous fans cool the small submarine easily. The shop is pleasantly rumpled.

Then you will meet Claire. She is not only a great leather shop counselor, she is also a great lady in general. Claire explains that you can make vests, bags, pillows, moccassins, purses, wallets, bracelets, Indiana Jones hats, all kinds of belts and many other leather products in her shop. She will then proceed to tell you about the squirrel living in her roof.

By the time you have chosen a product and have left I assure you that you will have many new friends, feel totally relaxed and totally cool BECAUSE LEATHER SHOP IS COOL!

Cristina Winsor





## Jewelry / Metalsmithing



Mary had a litte lamb,  
It couldn't paint or sew.  
Whenever it had time to spare,  
To Jewelry it would go.

The people there were very nice,  
And helped it to create  
A pair of silver earrings  
That were really, really great.

The tools you use are lots of  
fun:  
Wax, torches, and some pliers.  
Be sure to get some saw blades  
And a bunch of silver wires.

Of all the staff that's working  
there,  
Not one of them's a fool.  
And all the campers making stuff  
Are extra, super cool.

The people there at Jewelry  
Would like to meet you too.  
They all hate Debbie Gibson  
And expect the same of you.

Jesse Bonderman

# Buck's Rock





As the shutter closes upon the Photography Shop, one thousand nine hundred and eighty-nine, we look back on all that's happened. What we started out with:

- 0 photographs of the gong
- 1 semi-sane JC
- 2 fully operational bulk-loaders
- 2 1/2 fully operational counselors
- 3 tripods
- 4 studio lights
- 5 boxes of contrast filters
- 6 overwhelmingly enthusiastic

#### CIT's

- 7 days in a week
- 8 Talking Heads tapes
- 9 functional pentax K1000

#### cameras

...And eight weeks and 800 rolls of film later...

- 0 hours of REM sleep
- 1 studio light
- 2 Talking heads tapes
- 3 weeks with Hypo-clear
- 5 new bandana-weavers
- 6 mostly functional Pentax

#### K1000 cameras

- 59 unclaimed rolls of film
- 214 unclaimed photographs
- 329 CITITs
- 329 pictures of the gong
- 683 girls looking for Corky

#### and Josh

...and billions of brain cells killed by the aromatic fumes of acetic acid, hydroquinone, p-methyl-aminophenol sulfate and the ever popular potassium ferricyanide.

## Photo Shop

So until next year, play it by the numbers, agitate every 30 seconds, and make sure to starch your collars.

Amanda Saslow





► And Lou said, "Let there be a shop where campers can go to create bumper stickers, letterheads and business cards, and to listen to Depeche Mode." And there, appearing out of the holy mist, was the Print Shop. Out of the bubbling broth three creatures evolved, named Richard, Catherine and Ken. And Lou saw that it was good.

Now to the nitty gritty. We have machines to make stuff. You can make stationery, bumper stickers, all sorts of things. We know; we made lots. In fact, we've gotten pretty good at it.

Do you do anything in Print besides printing? Yes! One of the things that attracted a lot of people was the fact that you could just hang around and help out. Or talk. Or listen to Richard's Depeche Mode tapes. Or just sit.

All of you who have never been to Print missed out on meeting the two greatest counselors in camp. There's no other shop where you can learn the exact geographic location of Richard's home in the UK, or listen to Catherine complain about how she's always being mistaken for an Australian when she's really a New Zealander.

Of course, there were times when things didn't go so well, like when a letter drawer was dropped, or when a machine broke. A lot of things broke. Sometimes the counselors broke. Poor Catherine with her flu!

Are you a bored camper with no place to go and a receding hairline? If so, stop by Print for daily treatments. Our qualified team of professionals will help you set type, ready a press, and print. Just look at me. I'm not only a writer. I'm a printer!

Daniel Finkelstein  
Jed Silverstein

# PRINT SHOP



## Sculpture

Good evening, I'm Ran Dather. I am an investigative reporter. This morning I asked MR. ARC WELDER a few questions. They were all based on the Sculpture Shop. Here's our interview...

...What kinds of sculptures did the campers create in steel this year?

Well, they have utilized me in the creation of steel cars, abstract and surrealistic pieces, figurines, etc. One camper even made a functional piece.

Interesting. Describe the process by which one creates a steel sculpture.

Certainly. First the camper chooses the pieces of steel he or she would like to use for his or her sculpture. Then the camper goes about cutting and welding these pieces together using such tools as "yours truly" and the cutting and welding torches. Then, the finished sculpture is either painted or treated with a chemical patina which changes the color of the metal.

I'm sure it is! Although it's not your specialty, tell us about stone carving.

Okay. This summer I saw many campers working in marble. First, the campers would construct a model from clay. Then they would





choose a piece of marble, and chisel the piece into the desired shape, finally they would sand it and polish the sculpture. The process by which one makes a sculpture from wood is similar. This summer, most of the wood and stone pieces were fantastic abstract sculptures.

Wow. That sounds interesting. I've heard that bronze casting is an exciting process; would you articulate?

Certainly. The bronze process has three stages. Many campers would start in clay. They would then make a plaster mold of this piece in sections. Later, they would remove the clay from the mold and pour molten wax into it. Secondly, they would make a plaster mold of the wax. Using the kiln, they would burn the wax from the mold, and pour molten bronze into the empty mold. Finally, they would crack it open, clean the piece, and patina the finished sculpture. This summer the bronze pieces were so diverse in subject, I can not begin to describe them all.

Grooooooovy! What else happened this year?

One day I found myself all alone in the shop. I later discovered that all of the counselors and CITs along with many campers were at STORM KING SCULPTURE CENTER. When they returned I heard them talk of all the interesting works of art they saw. I wish they had taken me with them.

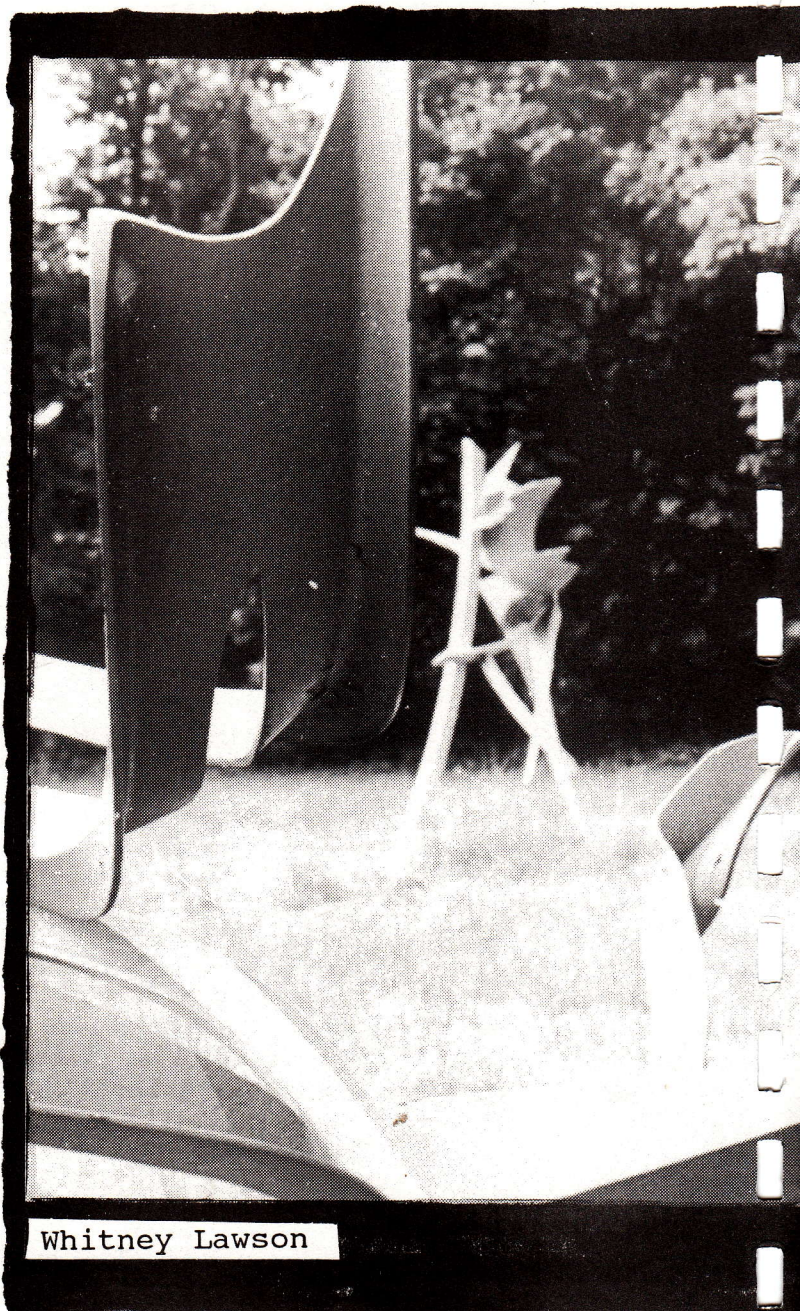
Sounds like a very productive summer!

Yes indeedy! I thank the counselors, Laura, Shawn, Erwin, and Margot, the CITs, Sean, Dan, and Jonathan, and all the campers

who made it possible!

Goodbye Summer of '89! We're gonna miss ya!! This is Ran Dather signing off!

Sean Gelles  
Jonathan Parley



Whitney Lawson



## Fleen Shop



When I first walked into the Fleen Shop, I was greeted by the well-trained and friendly staff of two lawyers from Chicago, while skyhooks soared past my excited eyes. Since that moment six miles down Buck's Rock Road, I have been fascinated by, and have gravitated to, the Fleen Shop.

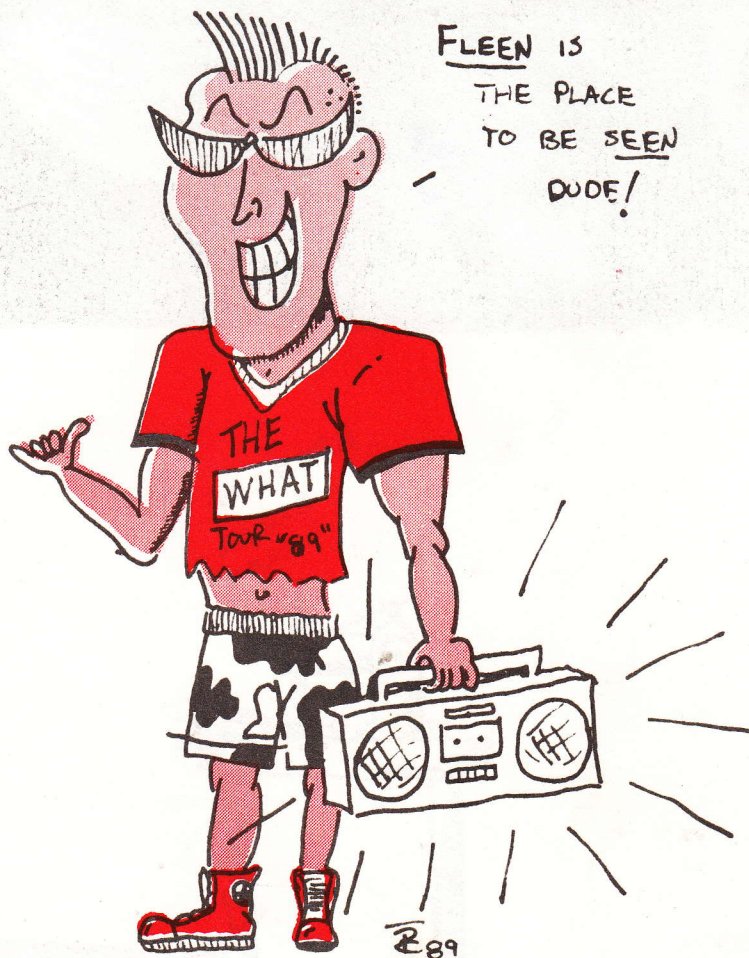
The shop's extraordinary pool of liquidized sound waves (the only one at camp) is a refreshing alternative to the often crowded waterhole. Complete with baskets of Cool Ranch Doritos and the only on-camp iguana, Fleen has become the hip place to hang out and swim in pure musical satisfaction.

I have spent much time at the beloved fuschia adobe house six miles down the road, working endless hours on my surreal project. It uses 600 skyhooks to create a beautiful chartreuse fleen. Dr. R. Ticutate and his JC Stu Davis helped my project to materialize. It will be on display at the Fleen Shop during Festival.

Just six miles down the road, Fleen is the place to be.

Maryn Duke

## The Fleen Shop





## Sewing

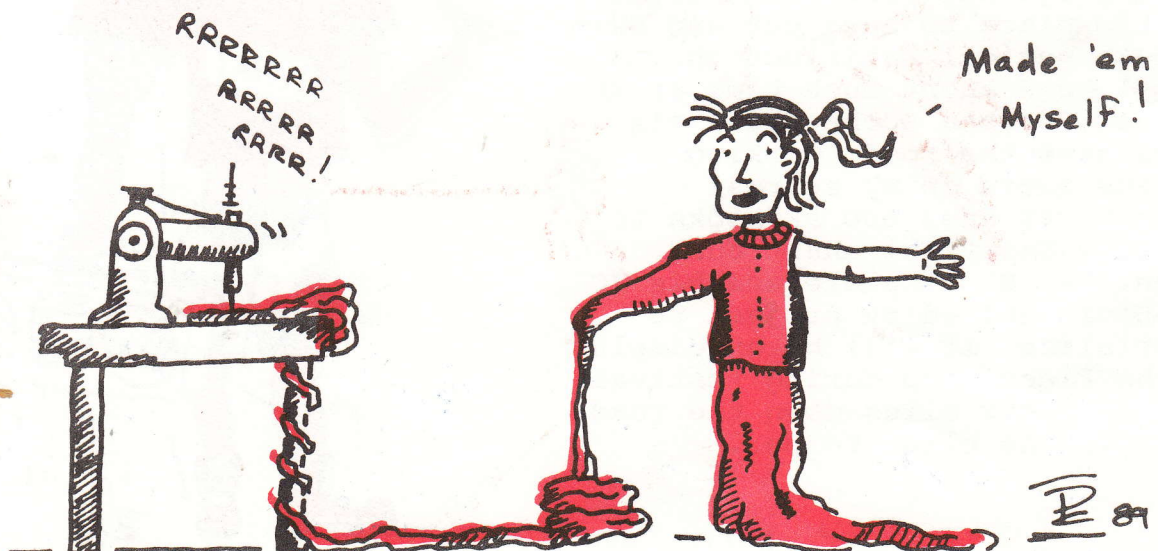
The campers arrive and the air contains a chaotic mist. I frantically search for my favorite refuge, the Sewing Shop. This, of course, is the place that usually absorbs my confusion into its own and replaces it with warmth, peace, and sanity.

Pam, a familiar face, welcomes me in with talk of the past year and the comforting offer of a new project. Michelle, Lois, and Manda (commonly called "Wendy" by the sewing regulars) tend to my needs with knowledge, comical remarks, well being, and caring. Faith, Joyce, Michelle, Tracy and Allyson (CIT's) are willing assistants, constantly involved in the works of campers with only an occasional break.

Campers walk in here each summer, most of them entirely new to the idea of the sewing machine. However, with perserverance, trial and error, and much assistance, these campers stride out with a feeling of satisfaction, for they have become masters of the stitch.

Rachel Korowitz

Seth Gitner

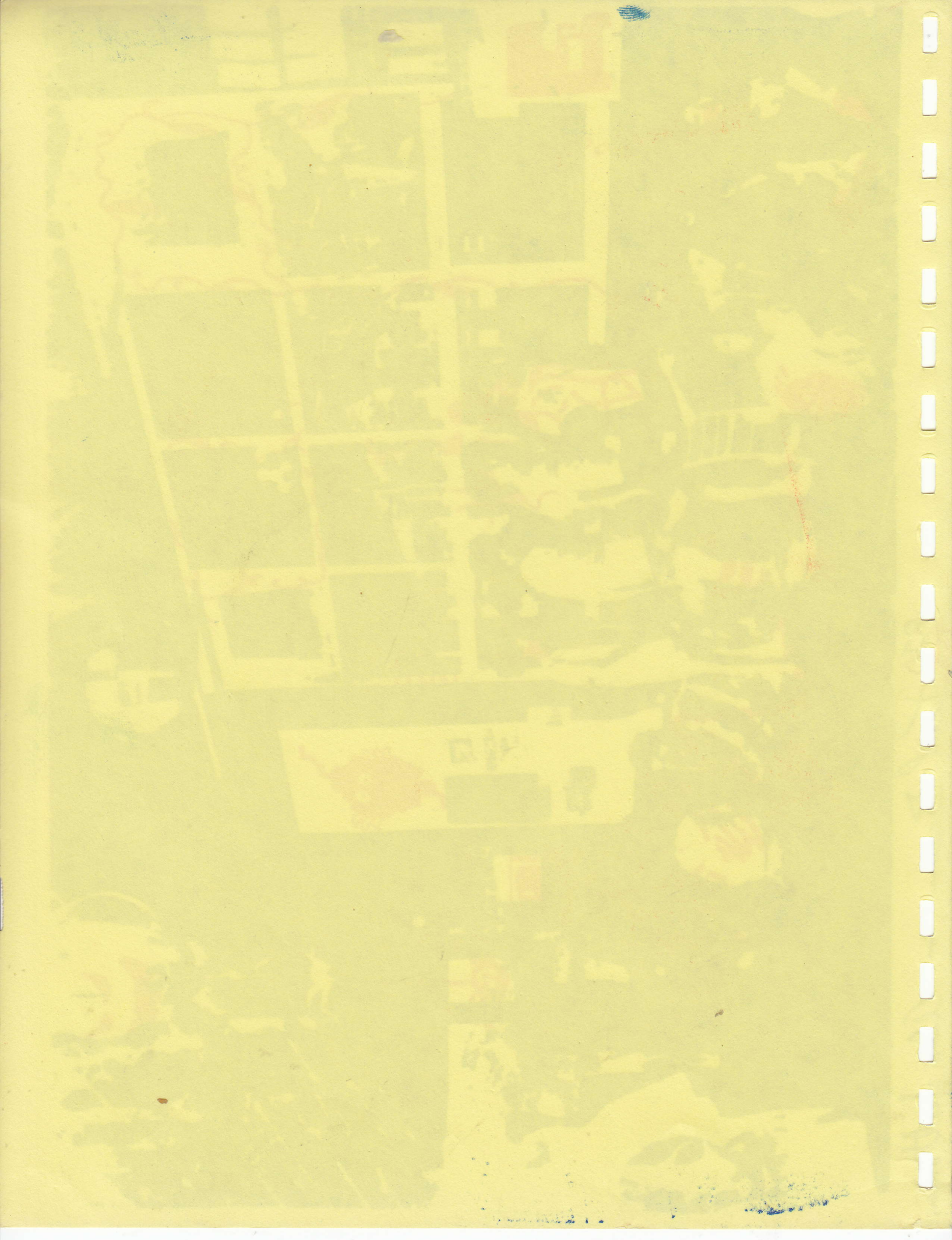




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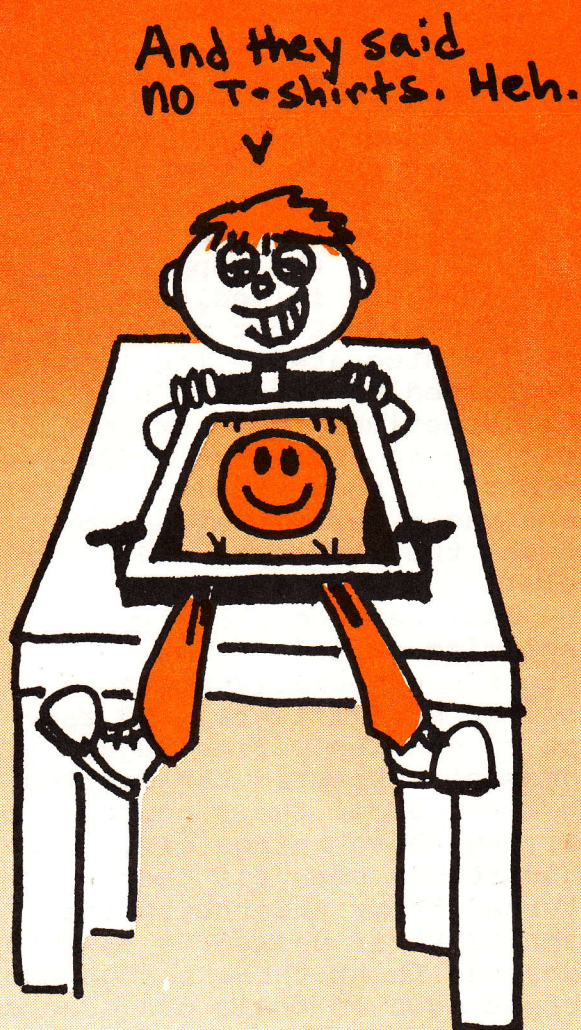






# Silkscreen

The Silkscreen Shop is a place where you can quietly lose your mind in the presence of other happy lunatics. It's also a place where you can create beautiful works of art that you can treasure for years. (Right!)



One look at the staff tells you this is no ordinary setup. First, there's Ben, the friendly, quiet manipulating counselor who always has something up his ink-spotted sleeve. Then Marc is our resident Englishman, and a veteran Buck's Rocker. It should be noted that Marc has retained some portion of his mind due to his passive behavior and addiction to INXS. Lynn, Andrea, and Carol are our assist counselors. But don't get me wrong; they're just as twisted as the rest of the staff. And then, of course, there's Nina, our head counselor. She, more than all of us, is beyond help.

## Silkscreen Shop Quotes 1989

"Don't you feel bad for all the Sarans that sacrificed their lives?"-Noah Tarnow, CITIT

"Choke me and I kill you."-Steve Nissman

"That doesn't bother me...being gay."-Erinn Heilman (talking about Erasure)

"IT'S STILL WET!"-Hillary Kaufman

"Introducing...SCREEN PRINTING!"-Dana Snider

"You want to use that on a banana?"-Marc Forby

"Can I bring the hose up here?"-Josh Blumberg

"You're very weird and I'm scared of you."-Alex Saltzman (to Nina)

"Would you watch your God----language?!"-Nina (to Paul)

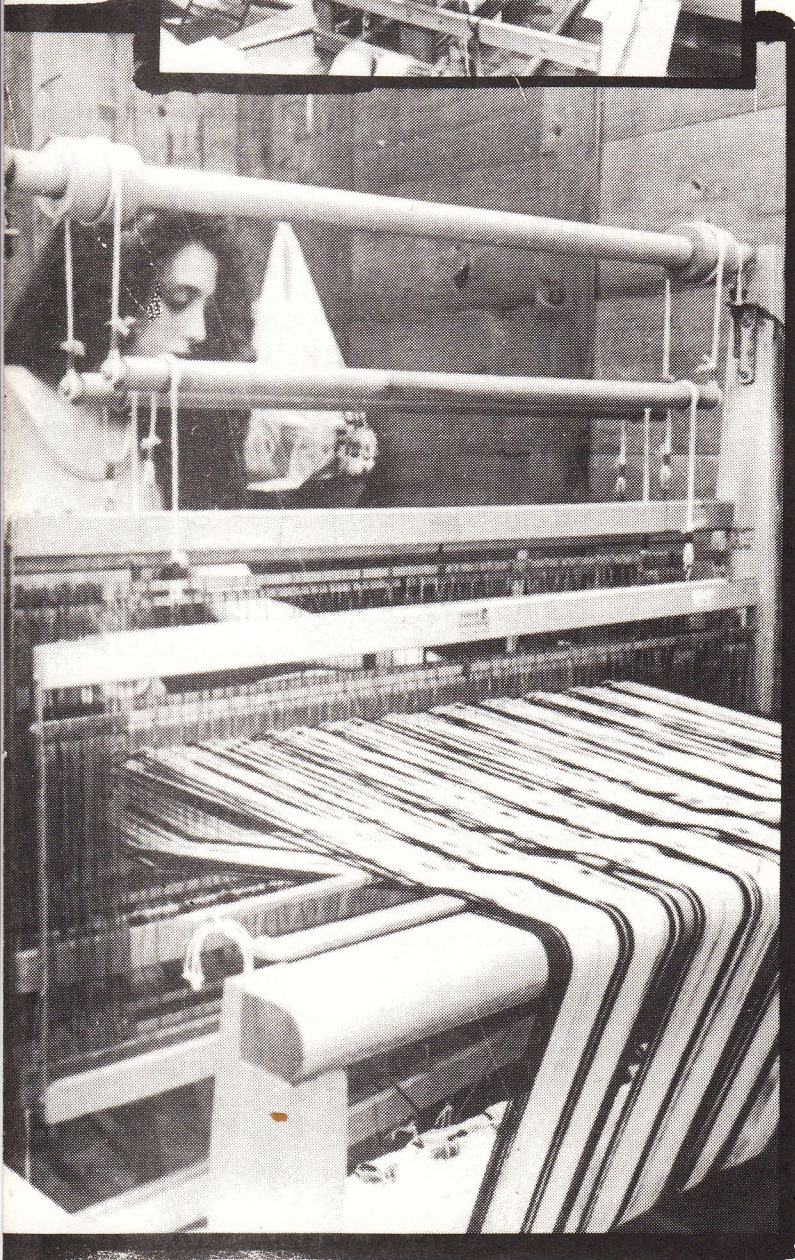
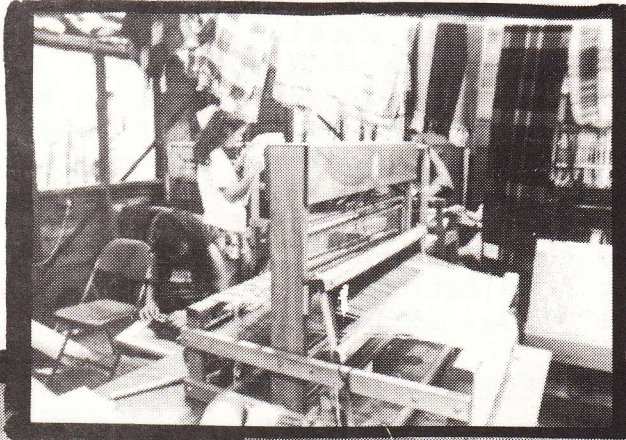
"Oooouuuuaah!"-Nina

Noah Tarnow



# Weaving

Once upon a time, up on Mount Olympus, there lived four weaving goddesses. They were Carlotta, Suzanne, Frances, and Sarah.



The goddesses spent their days consuming nectar and ambrosia, which looked to unsuspecting mortals like coffee and sprinkle cookies. They were often visited by gods and goddesses from other mountains who wanted a share of the nectar poured forth by Mrs. Coffee, the demi-goddess/coffee machine of the goddess' abode.

Mortals - also known as campers - often climbed Mount Olympus to visit the goddesses and to try to achieve weaving perfection. Many of them came very close. With their human creativity and the goddess' divine knowledge, the mortals created beautiful blankets, rugs, fabrics, scarves, and tapestries.

The lives of the goddesses and mortals alike weren't without troubles, though. The looms that they worked on were almost completely held together with strong orange string and masking tape. If ever the supply of these essentials had failed, Mount Olympus would almost certainly have disintegrated. The looms also seemed to have minds of their own. Sometimes they went out of their way to cause the goddesses and mortals bodily pain. Still, there was a certain affection between the goddesses and their tools.

They were constantly misplacing certain favorite objects - especially scissors, needles, screwdrivers, and tape (not to mention coffee mugs). The goddesses suspected the dwarves who lived under their mountain of carrying these things off. They would return them (if they returned them) underneath the porch of their palace to make the goddesses think these things had dropped down of their own accord.

Through all their trials, though, the goddesses managed to make their mountain home a heaven for those mortals who had the courage to "weave up the hill."

Bliss Temple



## Wood Shop

This year the Wood Shop offered campers both sides of the creative spectrum. As always, campers enjoyed making practical and functional objects. We definitely had our share of boxes, bowls, and the forever infamous chessboards. Yet many campers enjoyed working on nonfunctional projects. All the staff had to do was drop an idea and the kids jumped on it, made it their own, and had all of us pushing our imaginations.

Our first group project began when pictures of a little man next to a huge chair were hung up all over camp. A few days later, 11 people came together and traveled up Chicken and Telegraph hills (which was the first trip up either hill for all those involved) in search of sturdy logs.

Back at the shop area, we started to peg and lash the logs together, using no electricity at all. Within three days there stood a chair 18 feet tall, with its seat (constructed by our friends at weaving) measuring ten feet from the floor. The entire chair held up to 300 lbs!

Spend one day at the Wood Shop, and you come out either covered with wood shavings or with a headache. Beat Pluck Blow was started to show that a day in the Wood Shop could bring much more than evil sounds. One day, campers took scrap wood, rubberbands, metal scraps (from sculpture), and some guitar string, and created their own instruments. Thanks to the guidance of the great composer Kurt Coble, Beat Pluck Blow gave a concert on the lawn for the whole camp to enjoy.

In a joint effort with the ceramics shop, we threw a dinner party of art. Tables and chairs were made on which art was served. Campers chose food groups, such as fruit or seafood, and then made their furniture in the shape of that particular food.

In a nutshell (most likely a walnut see-saw) the Wood Shop this year was a place where boys and GIRLS learned that working in wood extends past putting together pre-cut pencil boxes. We would like you to remember: Chet's art farts; Angus' Spot On voice Situated Brilllyantly in the Wood Shop; Dave's constant search for tools; Liza's trying to get girls into the Wood Shop, protecting them from Chuck, and watching her clock stand in the corner while she does everyone else's stereo cabinets; Chuck's rattles; and Jon's color blindness to wood.

Liza Joy Bacigalupo

Martine Zilversmit







Chuck Swartz



# PRODUCT SHOTS





## Art Shop



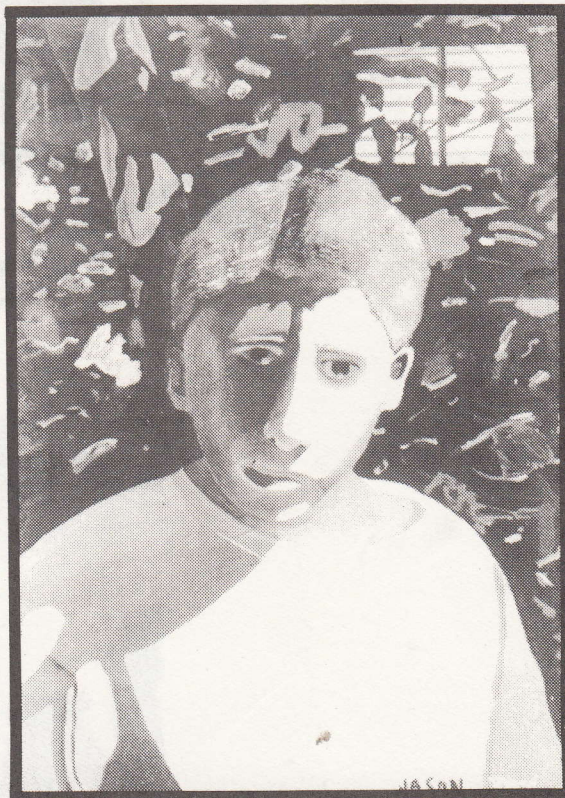
Sean Gelles



Steven Most

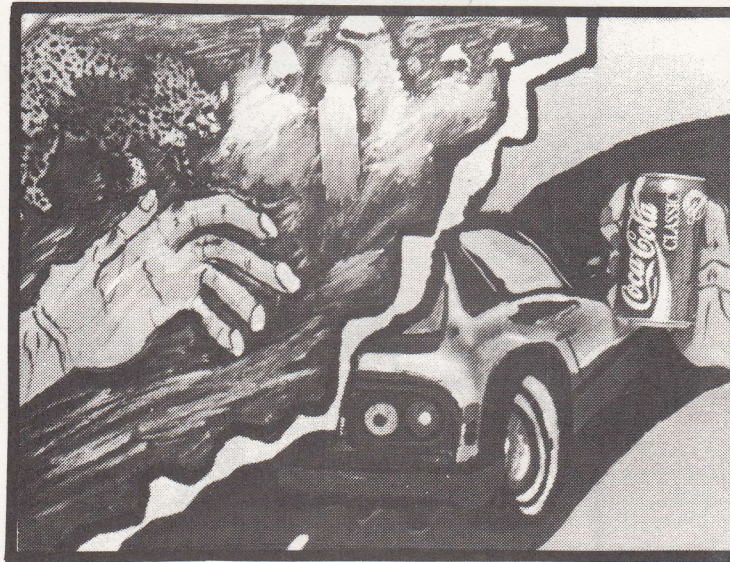


Whitney Lawson

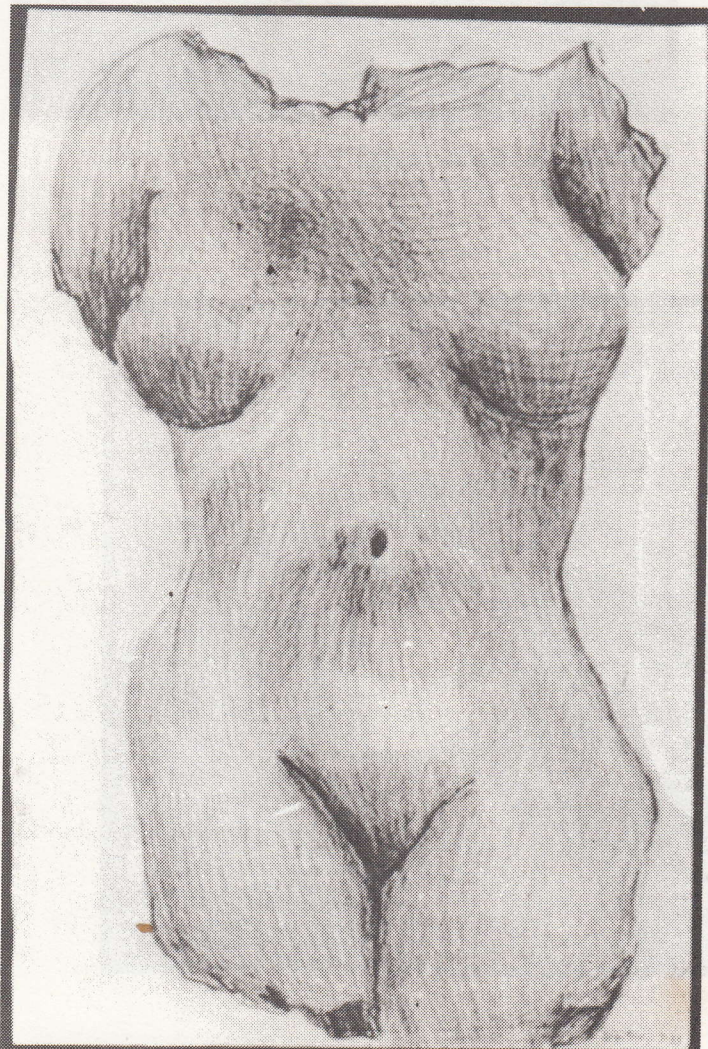


Jason Tax





Michelle Key



Whitney Lawson



Erinn Heilman



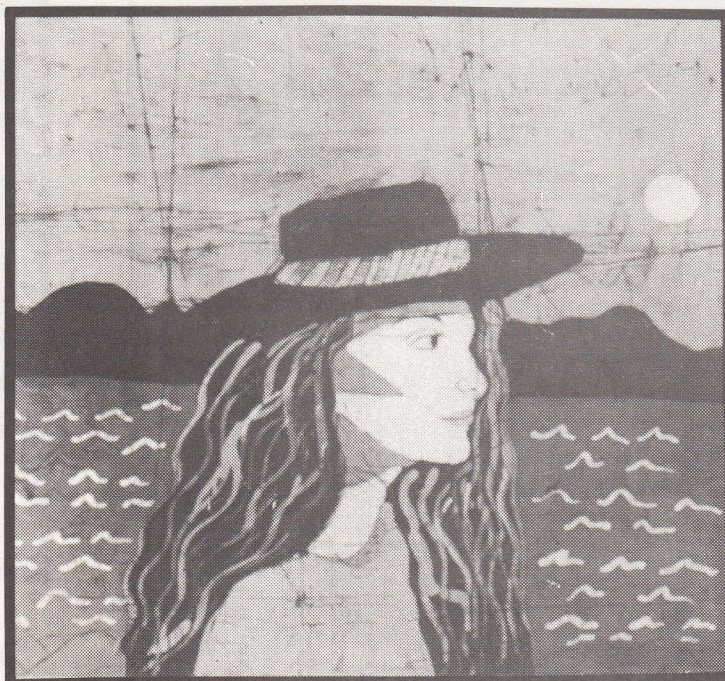
# Batik



Wendy Diskin



Amara Baumgarten

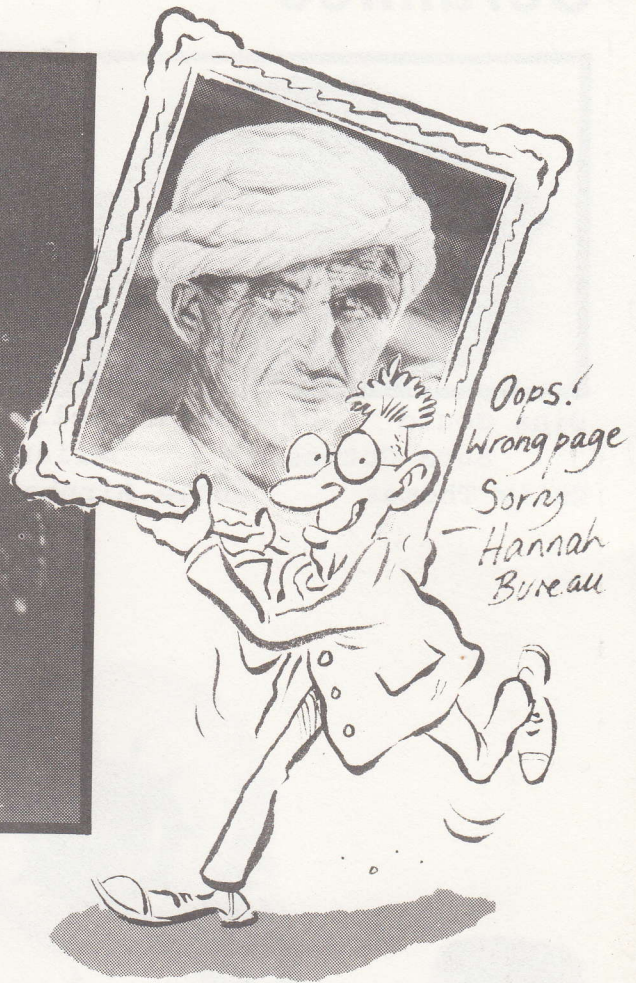


Brette Krinik





Alanna Yudin



Melinda Block



# Ceramics



Dina Gould      Jordana Haspell  
Sara Gottesman      Ariana Jaffe  
Emily Thomas      Julie Birnbaum



Tommy Abramzon

Sally Neff

Basile Baudez

Tyler Smith

Brian Rafft

Ali Levy

Erinn Heilman

Naomi Cook







John Keidan

Alex Smith Peter Dreher

John Keidan

Peter Dreher

Alex  
Korahais



Daniel Cartledge

Alex Smith

Stuart Pudell

Dina Gould

## Glass

Peter Dreher

Stuart Pudell

Josh Danzig

Whitney Lawson

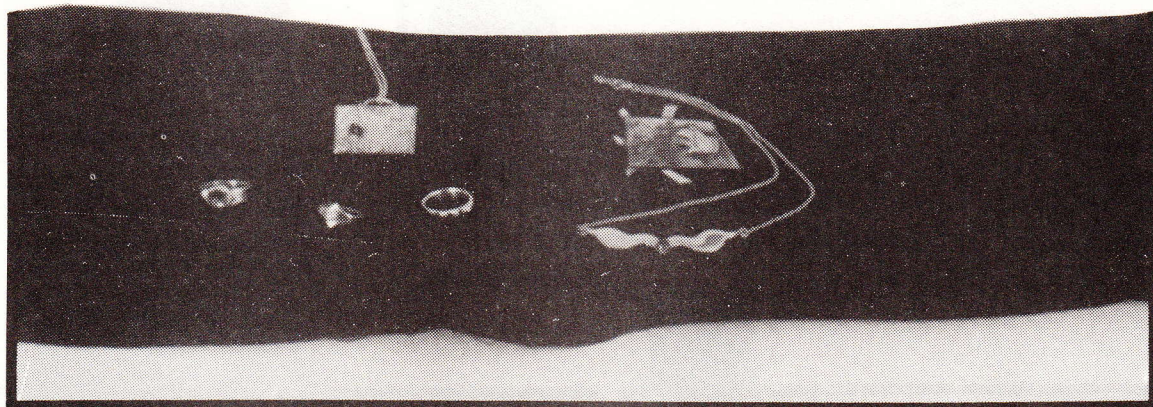


Dina Gould





# Jewelry/Metalsmithing



Jeff Samuels

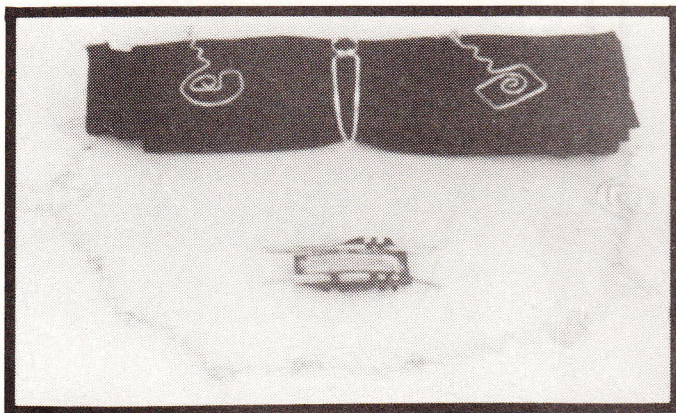
David Stein

Brett Krinick

Peter Dreher

Megan McWade

Jessica Schlaifer



Jesse Bonderman

Noah Landow

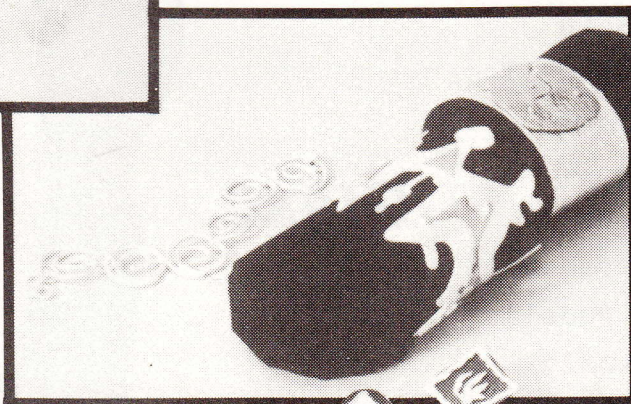
Gabriella Weiss

Dan Cartledge

Ari Dlugaz

Meridith Green

Dan Cartledge

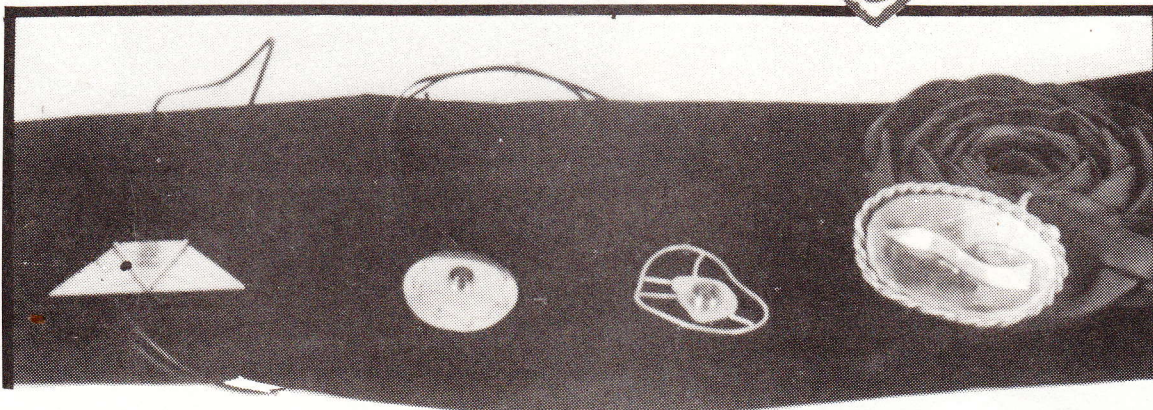


Halie Mohel

Ravhel Scharff

Jennifer Greenwald

Brette Krinick





# Leather



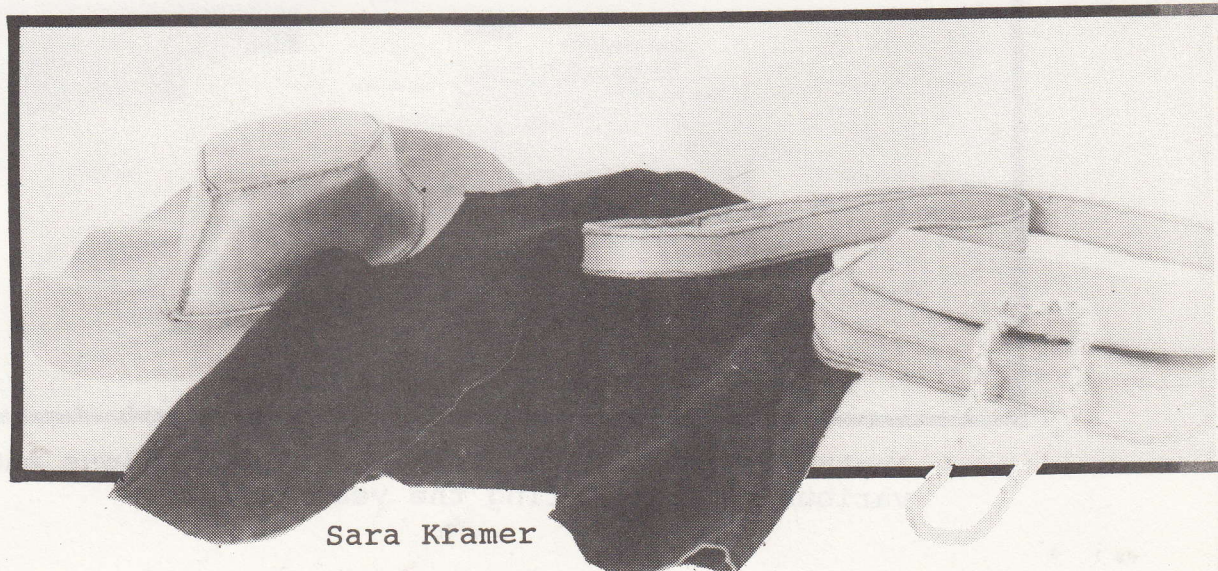
Christine Fracher  
Aurice Dought

Farah Simons

Abby Feldman

Abby Feldman

Farah Simons

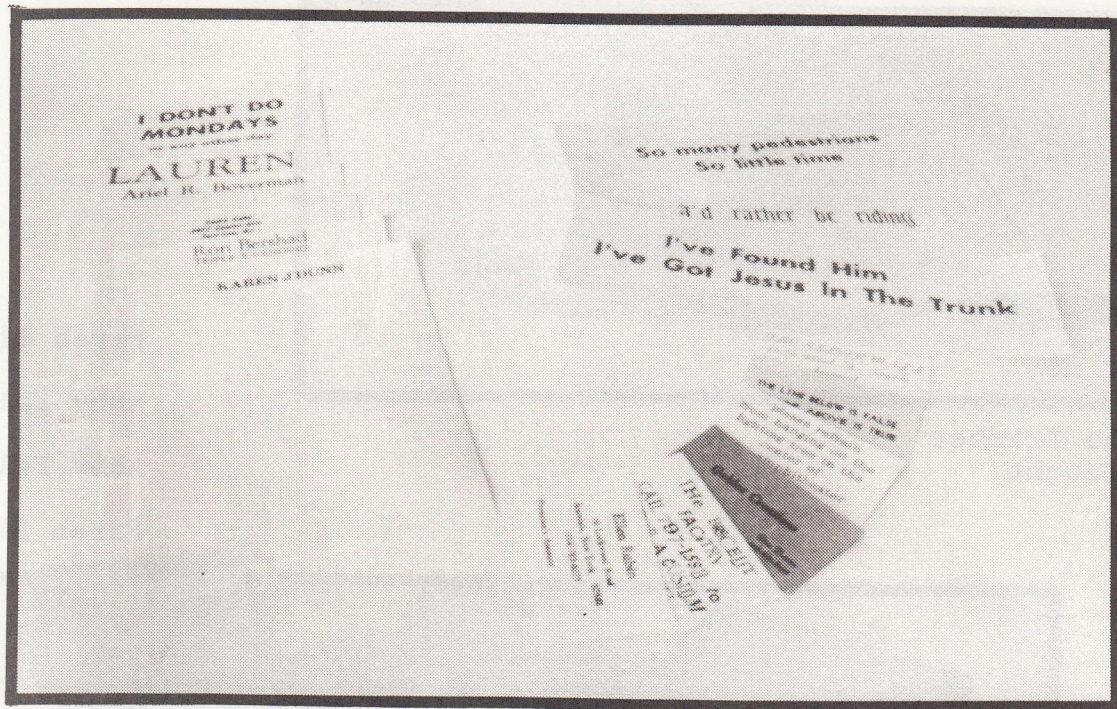


Sara Kramer

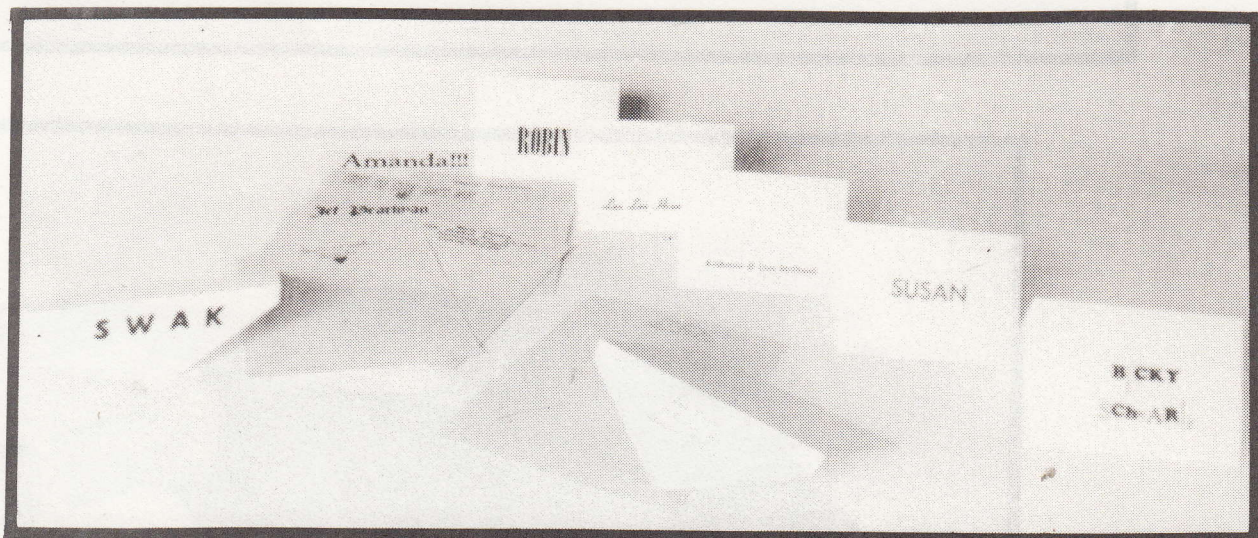
Erinn Heilmann



# Printshop



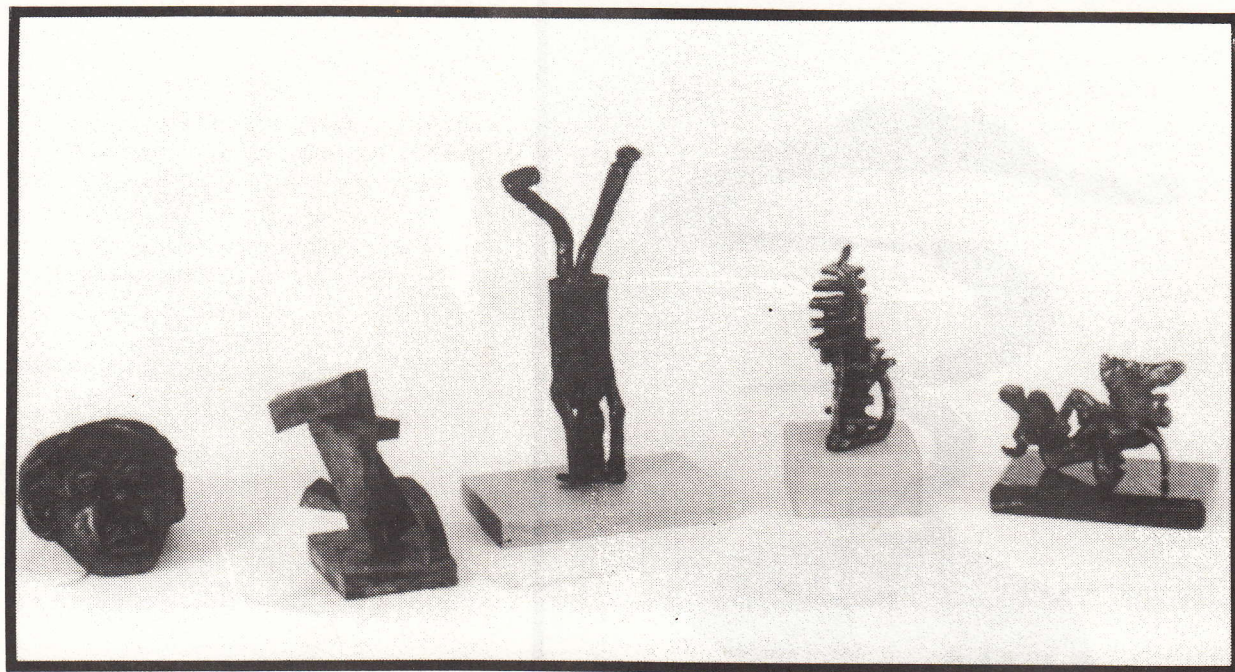
An assortment of Print Shop productions made by various campers during the year.



Another assortment of Print Shop productions made by various campers during the year.



# Sculpture



Alex Smith Yoram Greenberg Heather Andes Zac Ravage Josh

Jessica Yager



Iku Nagahori

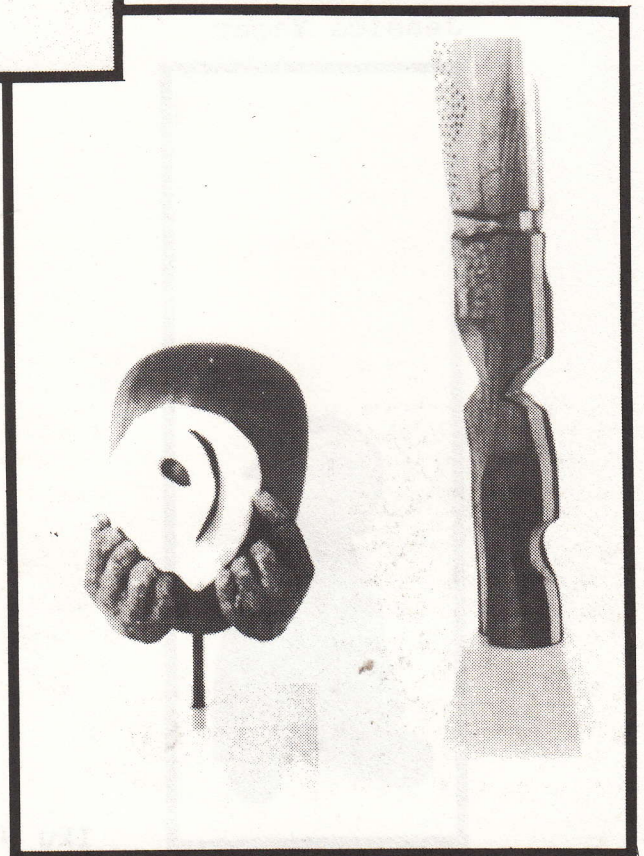




Michelle Rones



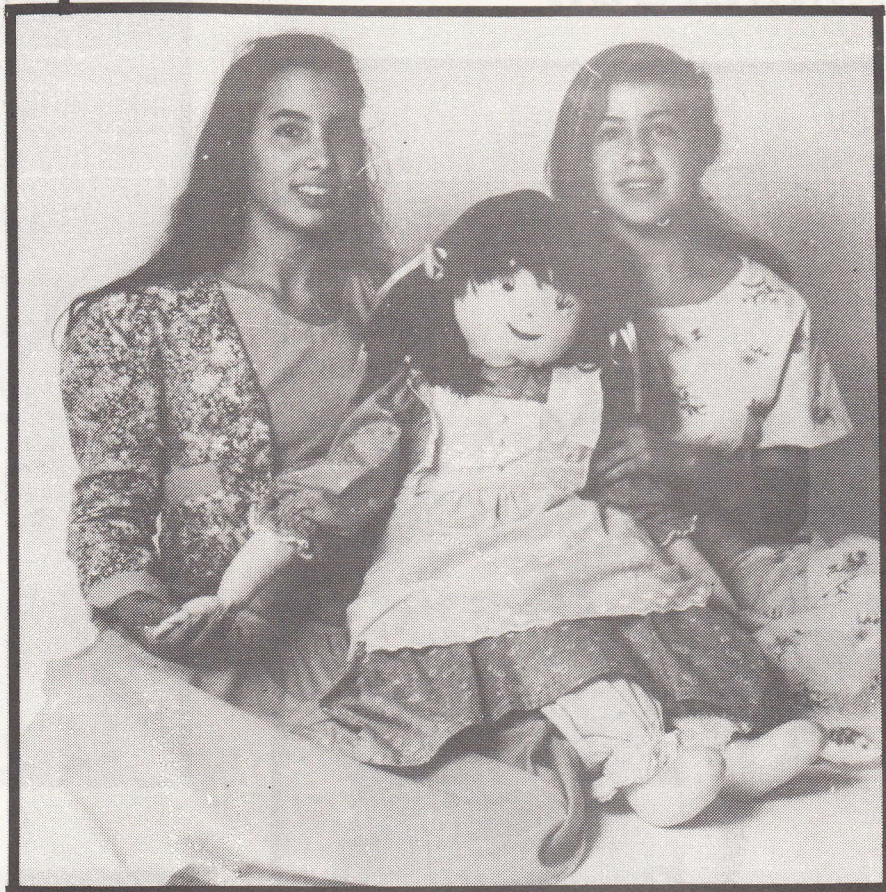
Rachel Slater  
Dan Cartledge







Lisa Weingarten

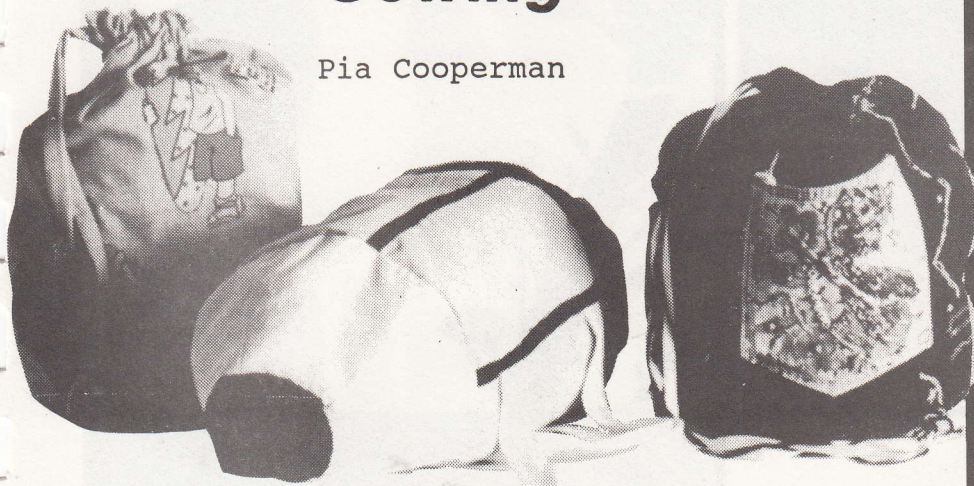


Nina Wolarsky  
Pia Cooperman

Heather Kingan

## Sewing

Pia Cooperman



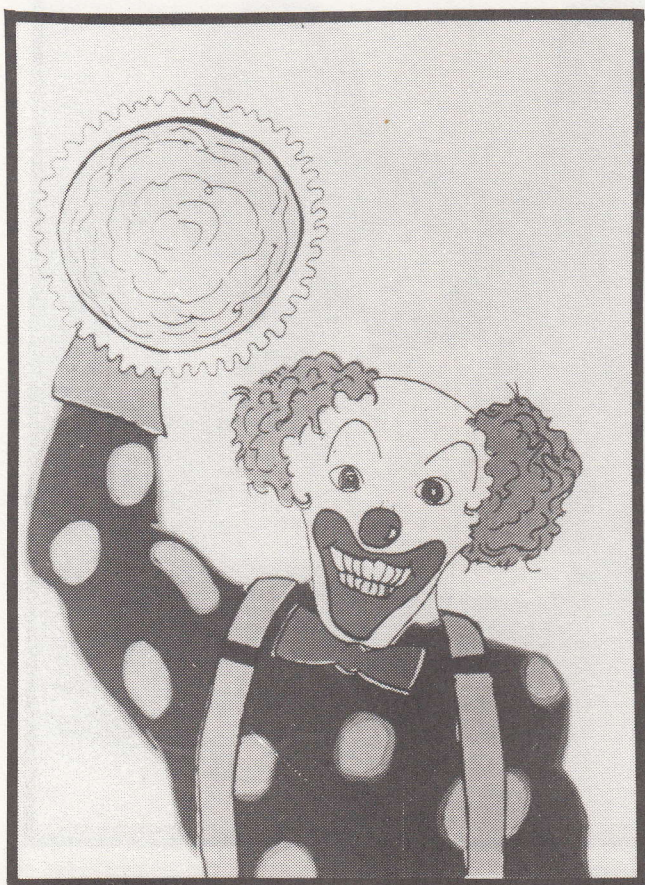
Brenna Goldstein

Kirsten Johnson





# Silkscreen



Paul Barman



Josh Blumberg

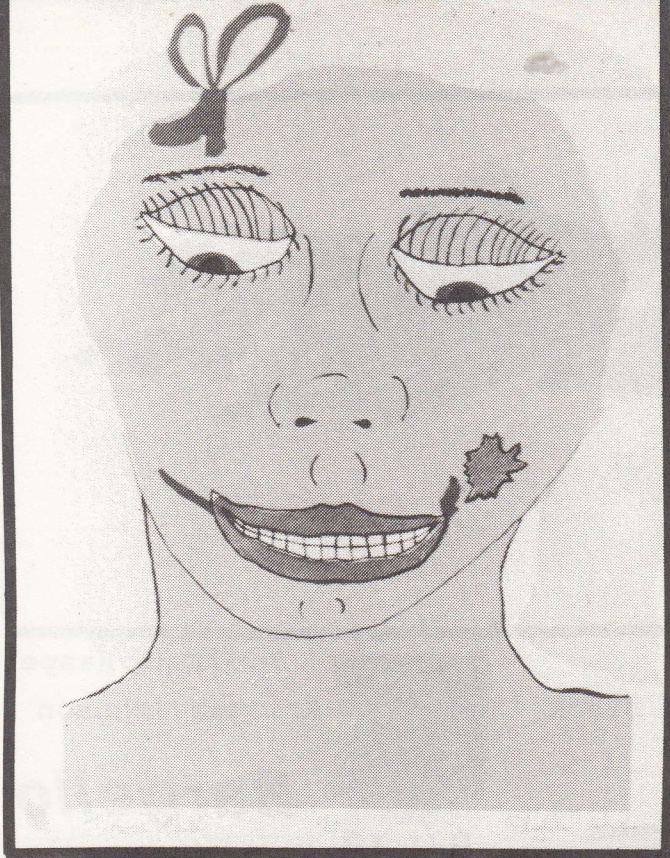


Dana Snider

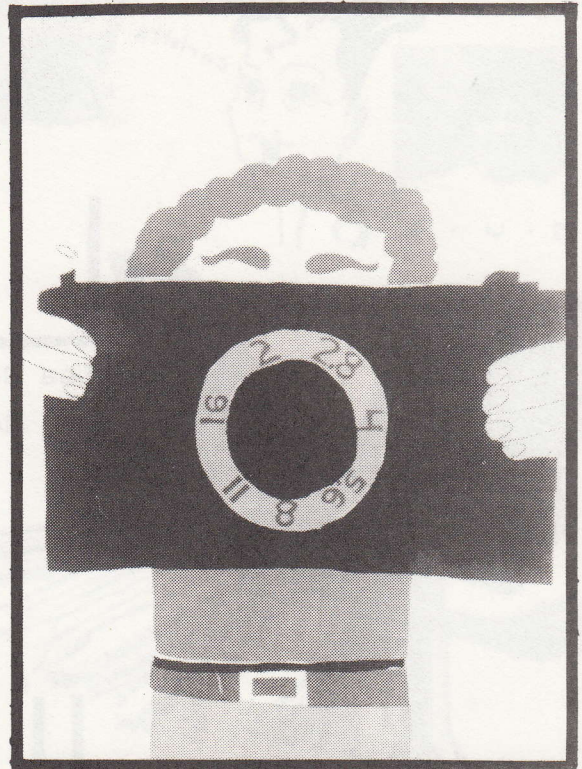


Emily Jaffe

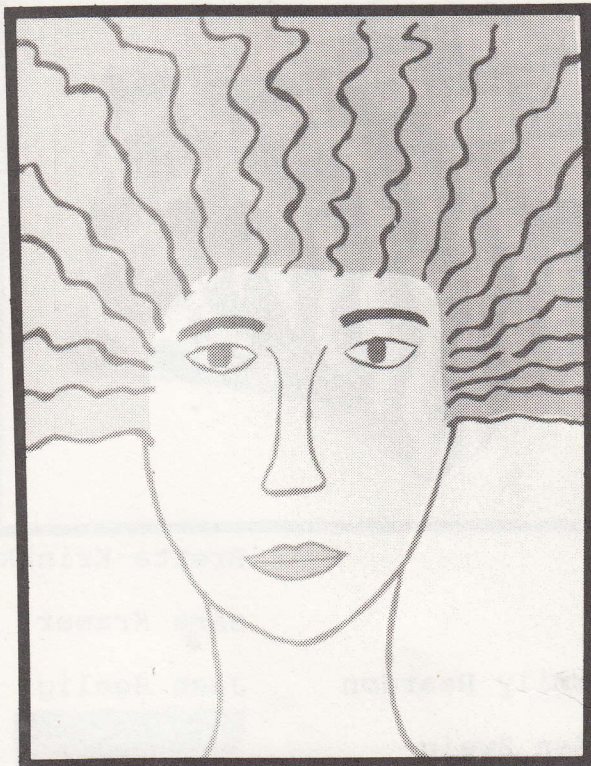




Phyllis Asher



Hillary Frank



Natalie Mouyal



Wendy Rein



# Weaving



S . U . E



carlotta



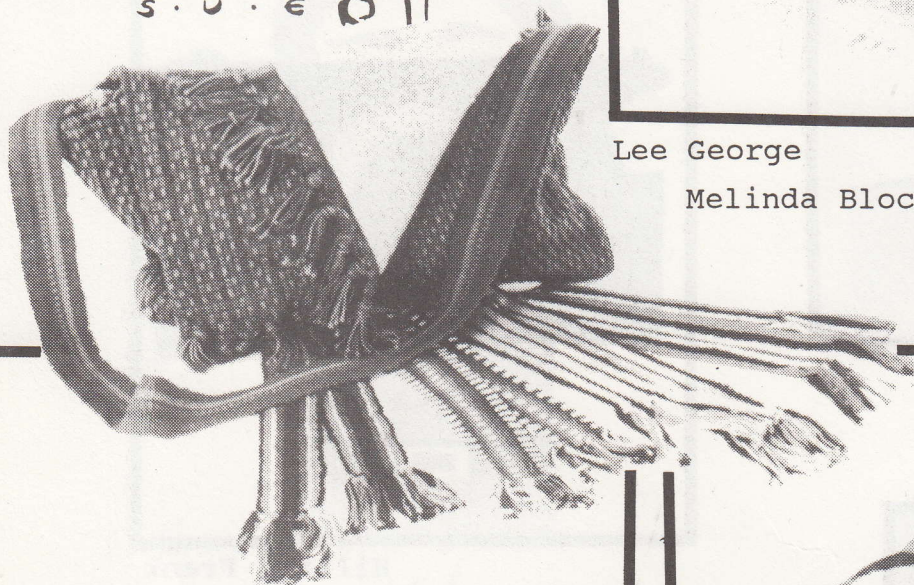
Lee George  
Melinda Block



DILYS

Jordanna Haspel  
Kristen Johnson

## Bargello



Jessica Yager

Galt Niederhoffer



FRANCIS

Joanna Mahl

Sara Kramer

Aviva Hirsch



Brette Krinkk

Sara Kramer

Josh Seelig

Emily Reardon

Gen Zweig

Debbie Kessler

Iku Nagahari

Jena Axelrod

Jodi Sherman



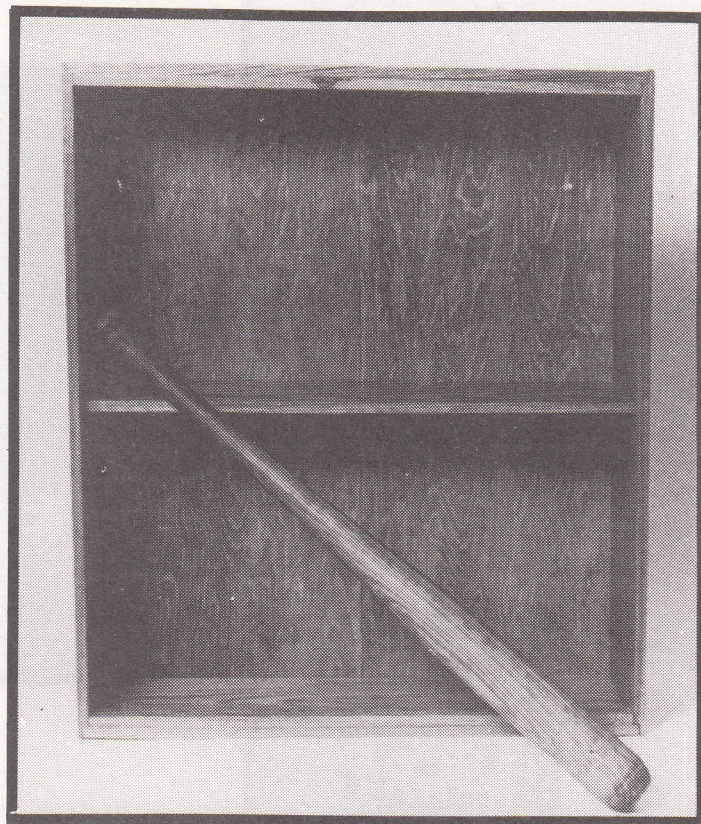
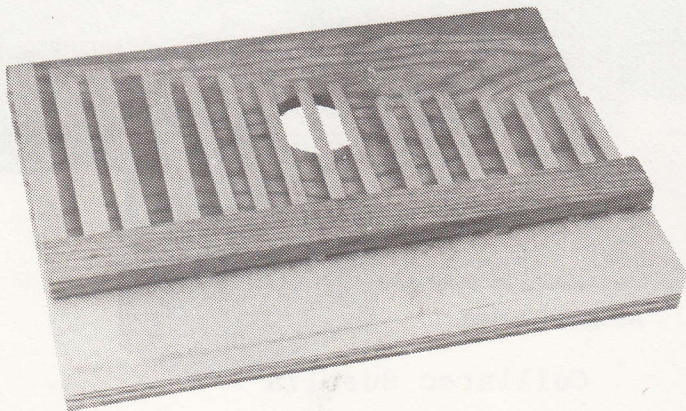
A . M . Y





# Wood

Rachel Kowitz

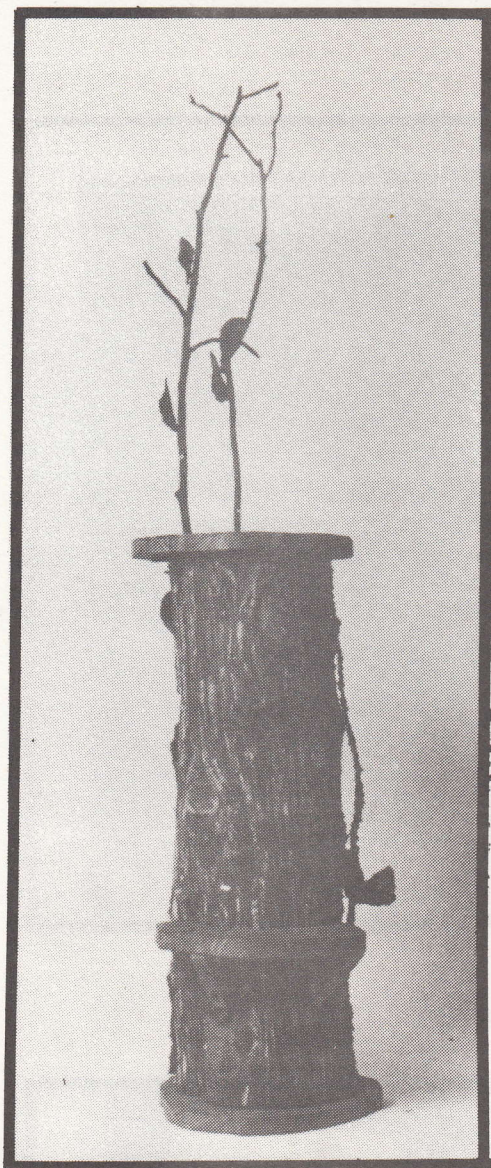


Jamie Hirsch  
Amos Kenigsberg

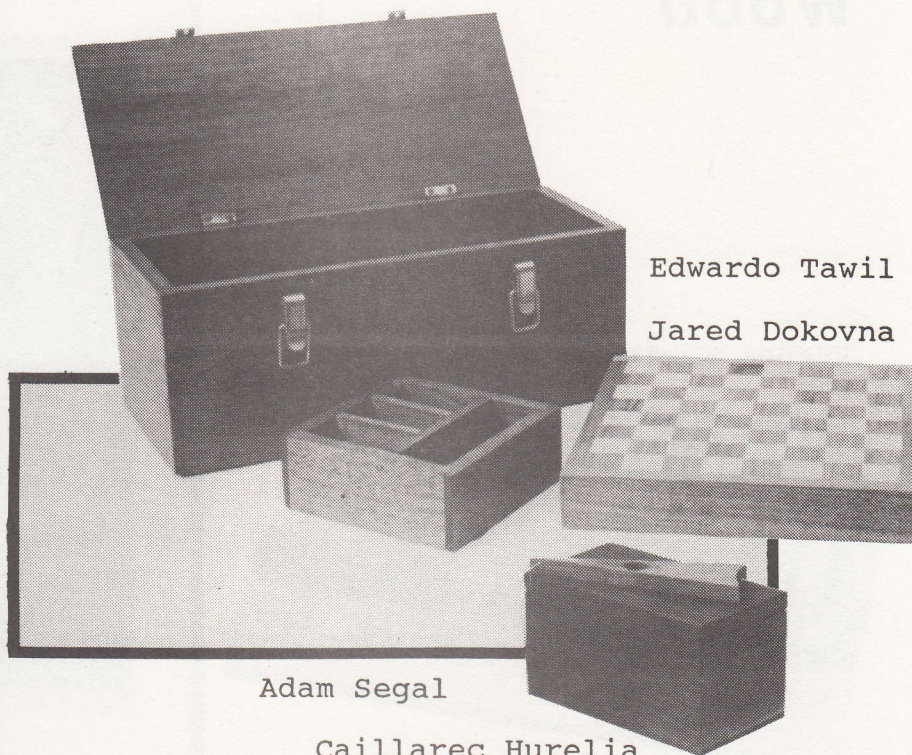


Yoram Greenberg





Lee George



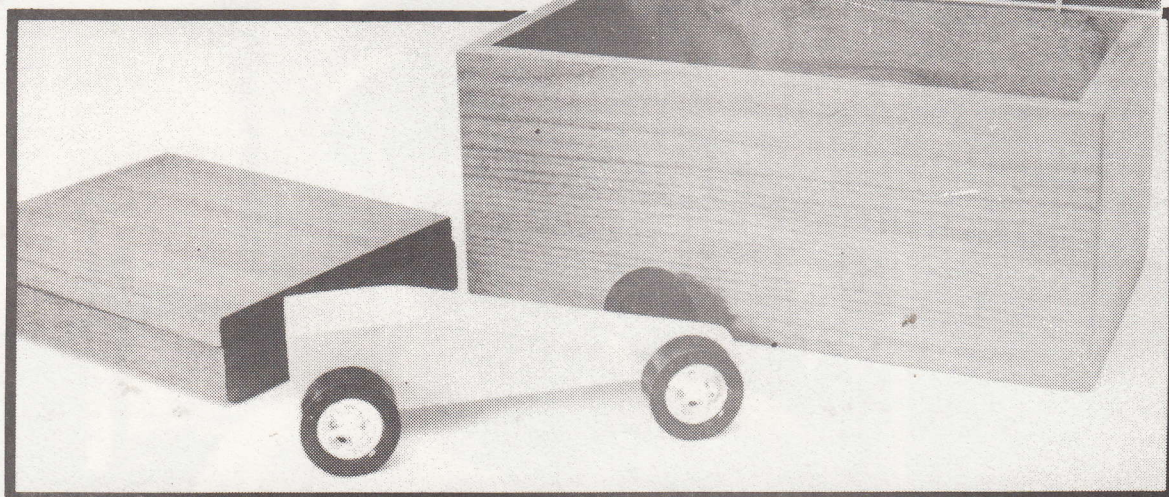
Edwardo Tawil  
Jared Dokovna

Adam Segal

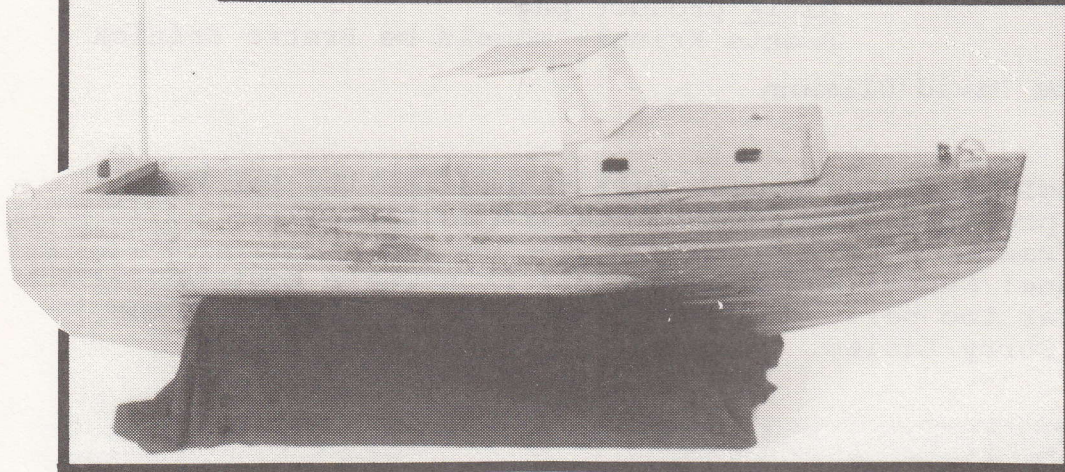
Caillarec Hurelia

Patricia Tawil

Edwardo Tawil    Andrew Rubin







Jessica Goldberg

Alex Smith

Michelle Werner

Jay Kelsey

Aaron Tax



Liza-Joy Bacigalupo

Robyn Bauman

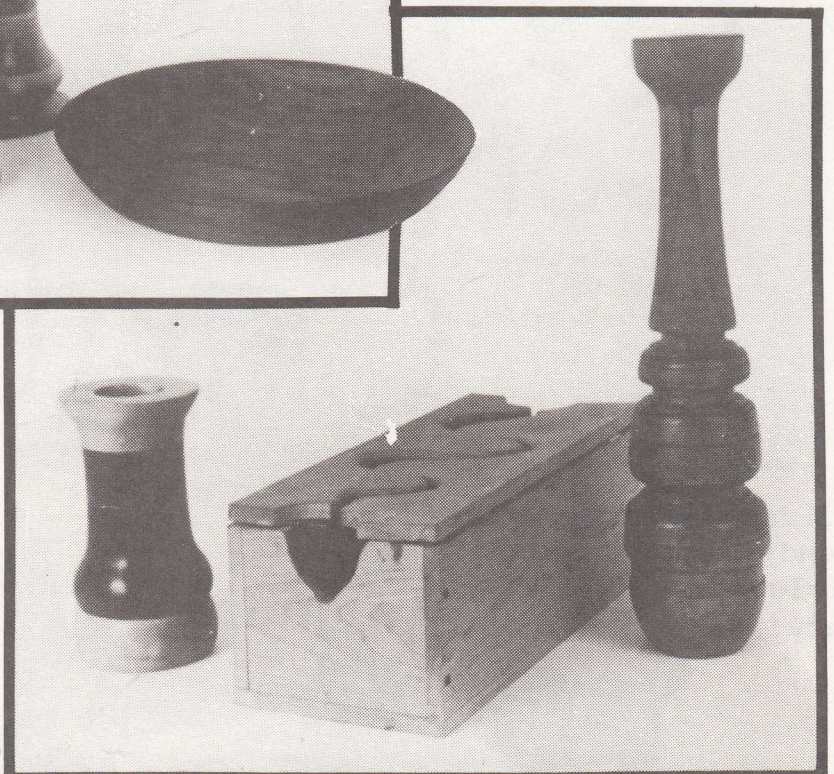
Susan Markowitz

Steven Kwok

Pam Lyman

Ona Wagans

Lee George





Accidental typing mistakes probably made by the counselors in the relevant activities.....not by us.

Ceramics product page-

Tommy Abramzon- should be Tammy

Jewelry product page

Meredith Green- should be Meredith Greer

Leather product page-

Aurice Dought- should be Annie Vought

Christine Fracher- should be Christina Fischer

Glass product page

John Keidan- should be Jonathan Keidan

Wood product page

Ona Wagens- should be Ona Magaro

Robyn Bauman- should be Robyn Berman

Caillarec Hurelia- should be Aurelia Caillarec

Rachel Kowitz- should be Rachel Korowitz

Batik product page

Brette Krinnk- should be Brette Krinick

Guitar article

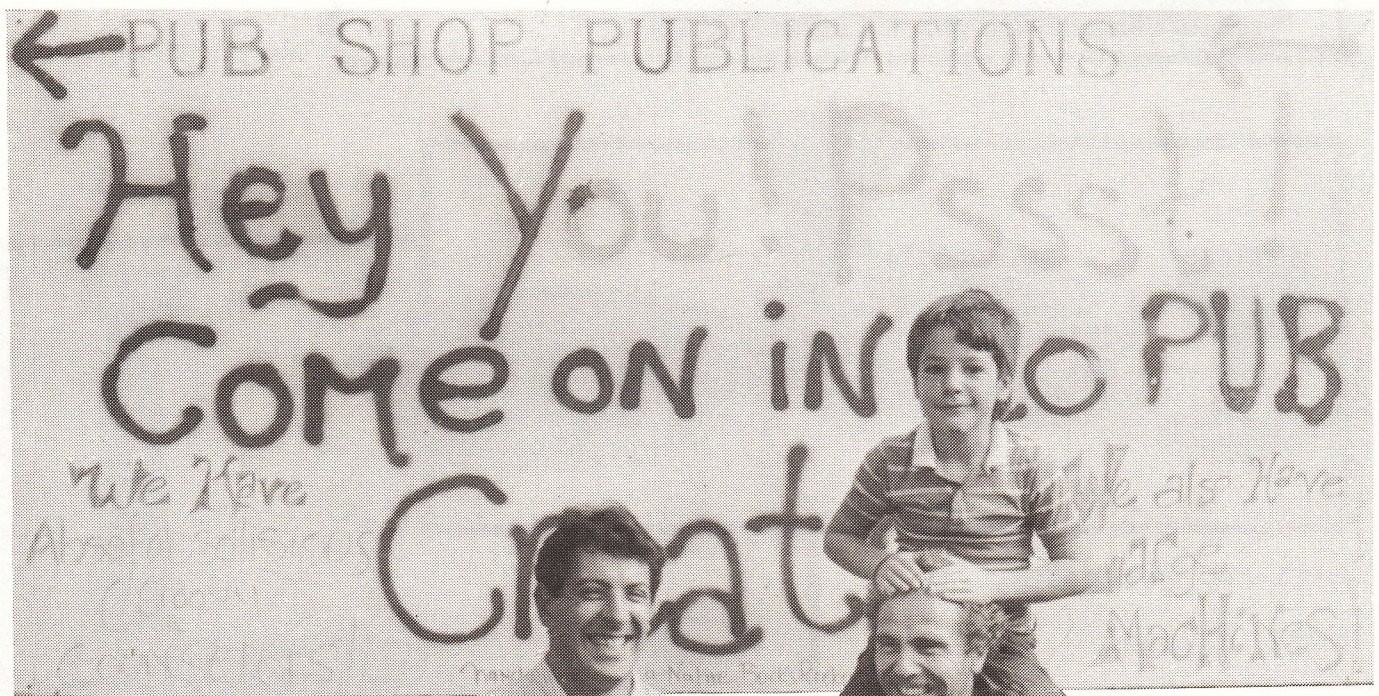
David Ullman- should be David Ullmann

Special Note:

I, Michael Charles Hingley, hereby accept full responsibility for the mistakes on the Weave products page. Amendments are as follows:

Francis- should read FrancEs

Sue- should read Suzanne: Suzie: Su: Soooooooooz: or a whole host of other names that I'm far too polite to mention in a publication as fine as this. Once again...Sorry Ladies.



Oh...and by the way...  
..'Wendy' in the Sewing  
article should read  
'Wonky'.





Asleep he was transported there.

asleep he curled

in a gilded ball on the mast's top,

or climbed inside

a gilded bird, or blindy seated himself astride

Elizabeth Bishop







## **The Pub Article** (at last)

1989 was a big year for Publications. It saw the arrival of four IBM PC's and a slow laser printer that almost no one knew how to use. It saw the attempted revival of the Klingon Pub-dog / Silkscreen rivalry, a Pub / MuShed softball game which never

happened, as well as another losing Buck's Rock Bowl team.

We put out an average number of publications this year, including the over-average sized Tappan Zee, and the average-sized Pterodactyl. There was a cartoon magazine, but no lampoon. However,



Pub Shop Chairman of the Board: Stephen Charles Dicke      Bscl (hons), Bgr, Phd



we did get out two issues of The Rock, something that had been missing in the last few years.

This year's staff was about the same as last year, minus Ron, Andy, Dave, Madhu and Jon, plus Mike, Fons, Steve and two new CIT's. Jen found an apartment. Laura visited the dentist. Sandro almost finished his scarf. Maryn finished tons of Cool Ranch Doritos.

Laura was famous for "One ... wump" and "Are you rrrrready?" Finishing her second year, she keeps us going singing Aretha Franklin to the collate bop! She's biked every morning and loves cheese.

Jen, our music expert, Ms. on camp D.J. Forever a fan of the Fall. She helped Pub kick butt in the WBBC music contest (one more trophy...?). Her seemingly endless quest for an apartment has been fulfilled and she's found a place to plant herself and her peculiar tapes.

Beverly was famous for tap dancing with Sandro on the Pub



Shop porch/stage. She has returned this year her even more famous red sunglasses. She went to Boston with the CIT's. Glad you came, Beverly.

Sandro is a marble statue.

A marble statue is a thinking rock.

A thinking rock is a poet.

A poet is a Lorca exercise.

A Lorca exercise is Sandro.

(or maybe he's a crying squirrel)

Fons was back for his three-thousandth time after a two-year... uh... vacation. He brought us many interesting stories of Holland and touring the United States. Our personal favorite is about the time his friend threw up - well, never mind.

Mike was the tannest guy in Pub. How he finds the time in between drawing cartoons, we still don't know! He was here in '87 and back again (he loves us!). He has an odd affinity for pterodactyls, on which he may someday fly away to the Disney corporation.

Bob was back again as our fearless leader. He still had small children running around him



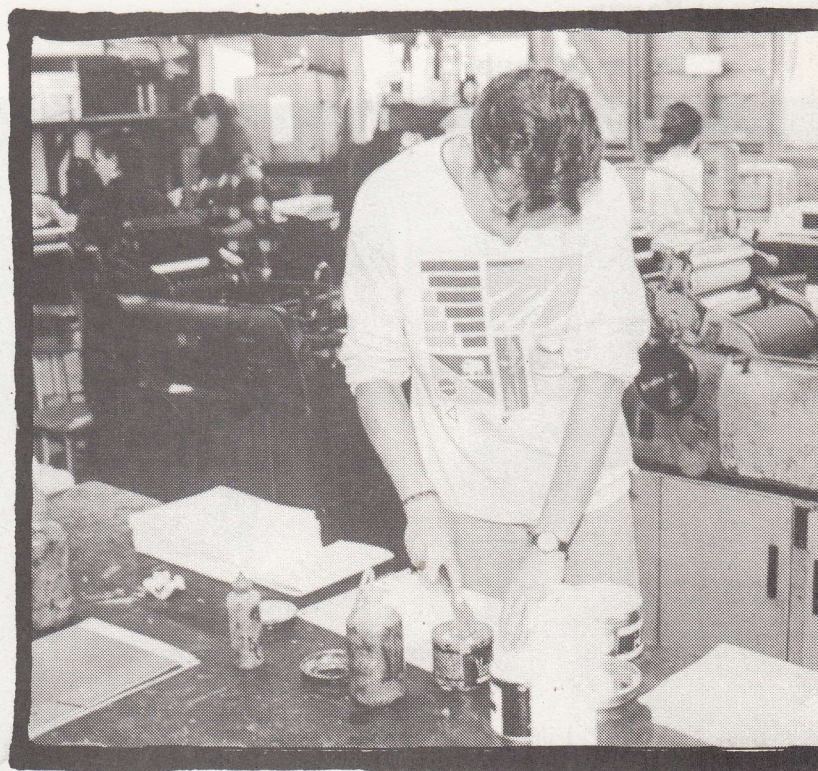




and taking out the garbage. Bob was so light on his feet this year, he practically bounced around the shop.

Ian was back in his fifth summer. He still, yes still, has "come to bed eyes". Ian: brave printer of nine color programs. He's seen more of the United States than any of us. (He's got the pictures to prove it!!!!)

It's Steve's first year here and already he is on a quest for "girllies to play football with". He kept himself busy running the press and teaching us that a panda bear eats roots, shoots, and leaves. In between playing soccer with Ian in the Pub Garden, he managed to run the press and keep us from crumbling.





### CIT's

Matt was another of our in-house music types. Whenever there was a WBBC contest question about the Who, Matt was there to answer. Matt has also sprinkled his artwork and "awww-some" cartoons all over the many publications he's helped to put out.

Maryn was the other Pub CIT. She liked Pub better than Photo (it's the large machines). She has a firm bagel fetish (especially with lots of cream cheese). Ms. Perfect Teeth, she chews more gum than all of us. She brought fear of emasculation to the Pub shop. "SYLVIA PLATH!!!!"

### Pubbie-Editors

Mike has been punching plates and writing stories since he was in diapers. His latest creation reflects his emotional condition, as does the file name "Mike Gets Happy". And indeed he has - happy enough even to work on this Pub article. Mike-working with you has been like eating a bagel-Maryn.

Seth Gitner

David, or "Duh-Vid" to most, actually got out of the shop once in a while this year, whether it was of his own accord, or because Sandro "banished" him for refusing to take Sandro out with his parents. David did lots of radio shows this year. "I'm not getting snack!"

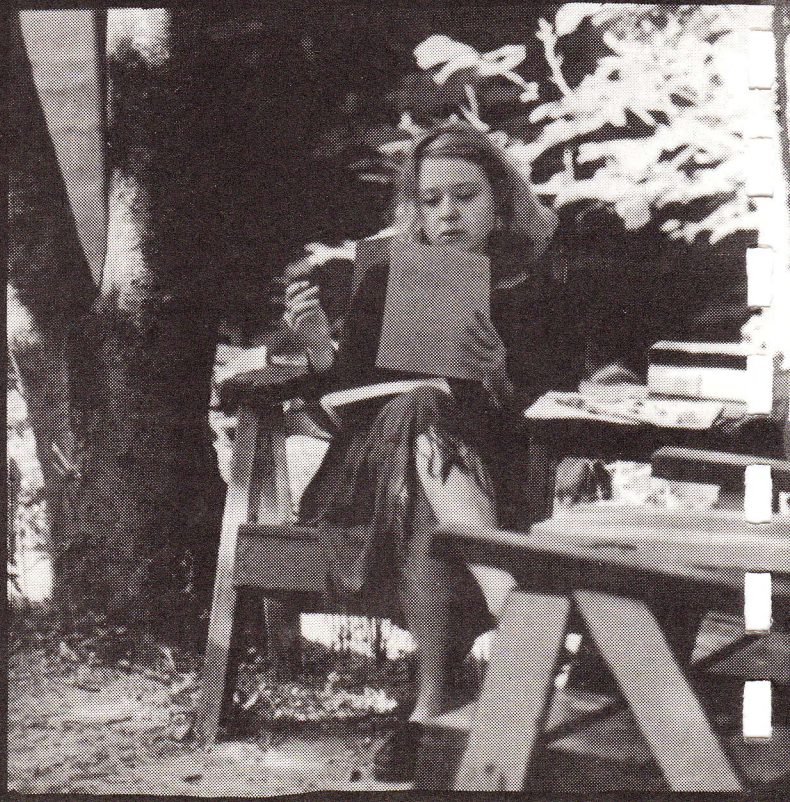
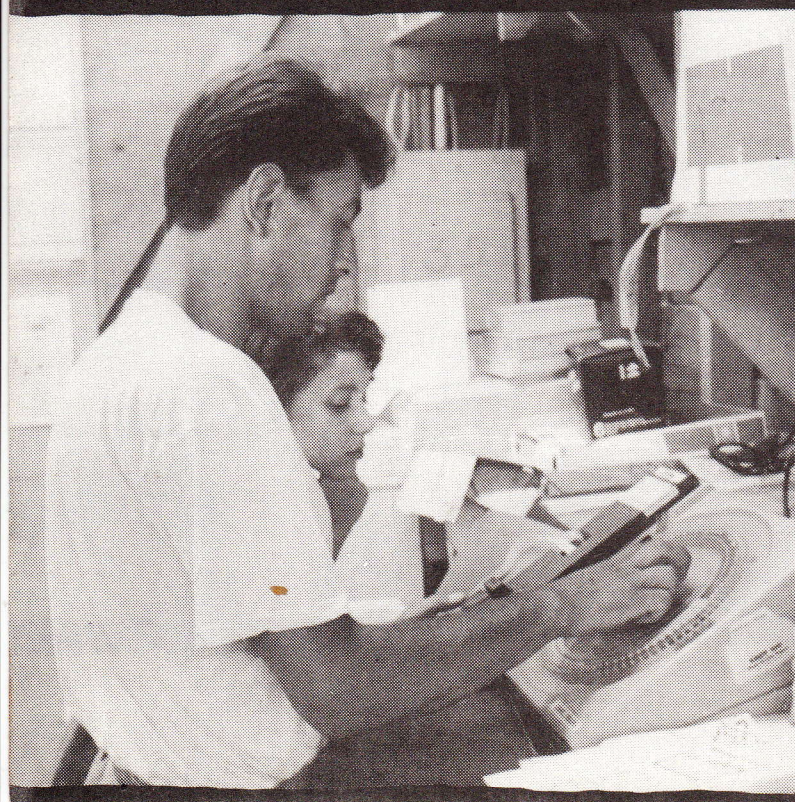
Rick was our shop article editor this year, as opposed to his old position in Art and Layout. He didn't do much writing, but he did lots of shrink-wrapping and played an occasional game of Spit.

Whitney was the only artist who was a writing editor (see cover). Tap-Tap-Tap "Making a Mess" Tap-Tap-Tap "High on Lyfe" Tap-Tap-Tap "We love You, Whitney!!!"

Josh, or "Professor Berson" to those who knew him, was one of the few people who knew how to operate our IBM computers. "A little fungus never hurt anyone," he would say (about our juice pitchers).

Alex (Wee-duh) was our resident prose poetry writer. He could often be found with the

Seth Gitner







Staci Lichterman

writing counselors. Alex, sadly, got sick towards the end of the year, and had to go home for a few days.

Peter was very modest about his editorial position. He aspired to be a great artist, but did a lot cartooning on the side. We'd love to say more about Peter, but he won't let us write any of it. "Any work to do?"

Alan yet again was production editor. He came a little late, but we forgive him. Although this is his fourth year in a row working on yearbook as production editor, the answer to the question "Where's Alan?", is and always will be "L.S.D."

Greg was our other production editor, and he can also be found at clown rehearsal when he's not working hard on the back table shrink wrapping or pushing paper through the printers' presses.

Lauren, as our Moral Support Editor, was our mediator in the Pub Garden Battleground of

Literary Hell. She's always there to give us hugs. (M&Ms too!) Most importantly she keeps us, the Editors-in-Chief, from killing each other or ourselves. So far this here article has fostered three arguments which she's helped to resolve. Thanks, Lauren. "Widdle Wauren has to have have her tricycle towwowow---Widdle Wauren has to have her tricycle tuday!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" We wuv u Widdle Wauren!

In the shop, on the back wall, behind the computers, in small block letters, it says, "Pub is a state of La-La Land." And, indeed, it is.

by: Maryn Duke  
Mike Hammer  
David Itzkoff



• •  
Pubbie - <puhb•bé> 1.a rarity in  
the wild kingdom of Buck's Rock, a  
member of a closely knit species  
with printer's ink in its blood,  
drawn to Pub shop by an  
extraordinary urge to write, draw,  
layout, print and finally, in the  
ritual of Pub production, to  
collate 2.someone who knows how to  
smile.  
• •





11:07 pm- Fons takes drink orders and heads over to the Dining Hall.

11:10 pm- Richard Evans comes in, complaining about how "This is no way to spend a day off."

11:16 pm- Fons returns with a gallon of coffee (instant, of course), milk, sugar, and last week's dessert (cake).

11:20 pm- Work finally begins. Fons starts sorting photographs, David types names while listening to "Hair" on a Walkman, Josh starts shrink wrapping piles, and Maryn and Bob begin plating and printing pages.

11:23 pm- Josh realizes that the piles have been shrink wrapped incorrectly and does them all over again.

11:30 pm- Fred Yockers comes in with the contents of the program for the following day's clown show.

11:32 pm- Fred turns on one of the computers to begin typing the cast list.

11:40 pm- Mike Addison wanders in, wondering what shop he has entered.

11:55 pm- Fred's computer finally warms up.

11:56 pm- David, still singing the theme to "Sesame Street", hands Fons the finished list of photo names.

12:02 am- Fons and David go through the photos, trying to decide to what percent they should be reduced.

12:10 am- Fons and David suddenly realize that none of the photos need to be reduced.

12:15 am- Alden Peterson comes in, reminding Josh and David that they should be back at the bunk before midnight, and that he will take them back to the bunk.

12:16 am- Alden leaves without Josh and David, but with the funny feeling that he's left something behind.

12:20 am- Maryn leaves Pub, and at the request of Bob, she shlepps Josh and David back to their bunk.

12:25 am- Josh and David find that they are wired from all the caffeine and sugar they have taken in. They begin debating whether or not to face the wrath of Maryn by returning to Pub. They stay up until right before the wake-up gong.



# ★ Pub Nightlife ★

(or "A Hard Day's Night")

★ Everyone knows that, just like any other shop, Publications is open every day from 9 to 12 and 2 to 6. However, few know what goes on during yearbook time after the dinner gong... ★

6:00 pm- Dinner gong rings, but nobody moves.

6:13 pm- After much persuasion, Bob is able to get everyone out of the shop so he can lock the doors.

7:00 pm- Mike and Fons re-open the Pub doors, turn the lights on, and sit down.

★ 7:50 pm- Josh comes in with an unknown camper, to work on a Camplife article. ★

7:59 pm- David comes in, asking if he can work on something. ★

8:00 pm- Mike and Fons lock up.

8:32 pm- Ian unlocks the doors, shuts off the lights, and locks up again.

10:30 pm- Fons and Bob again open the Pub doors. ★

10:42 pm- Matt comes in and begins working on the computers. ★

10:43 pm- Josh comes in, looks around, and walks off in search of David.

10:45 pm- David comes in, looks around, and walks off in search of Josh.

10:54 pm- Josh walks back in with David and an article in his hand. David asks Fons if there's anything he can do.

★ 10:56 pm- David pops "Hair" into the radio. ★

10:59 pm- Matt runs off to CIT snack and never returns.

11:02 pm- Maryn enters, with half a cheese sandwich that she graciously offers to David. David gobbles it down very quickly.

11:03 pm- Maryn babbles incoherently about the music, turns off "Hair", and puts on something of her own.

11:04 pm- Bob turns off Maryn's music and puts in a "Classic Rock" tape. ★



1:05 am- Ian and Mike enter Pub. Ian immediately puts on a Prince tape, much to the discontent of everyone else in the shop.

7:30 am- Josh gets up. David doesn't.

And so another day begins, running normally until 7:00 p.m., at which point the cycle will begin again...

Josh Berson  
David Itzkoff



## Faded Lily

Fred glared in the mirror. His burly stomach crept from the hibernation of youth out of his already snug khaki pants. The gremlins of senility had danced across his face, staining his features with crevices and sags.

Fred's thoughts journeyed toward Emily and the field of lilies they had discovered on a picnic in the country. It had been an escape for them, time to reacquaint themselves with each other. In the reflection, the bear of old age oozed backward into hibernation under his belt, and his smile pushed vitality into the crevices on his face. In this field of lilies, Fred had rediscovered Frederick, the spontaneous young man Fred assumed he had lost along with other relics of the past, forgotten in his attic.

He had held Emily's delicate, spidery hand in his, embracing it as a lifeline. Her eyes were fogged. The tears, reflecting the sunlight, had impaired his vision, but Fred knew what they meant to say. Emily's hand tightened on his as they wove their way through the grass and flowers to a clearing.

Emily sat in the feathery tufts of grass. "I must tell you something." Cradling a tiger lily, she extended her hand outward. "I love you." She gave the lily to Fred.

Two hours had passed since that moment with her in the flowers, and his lily lay fresh in his drawer. It was still as damp as the skin surrounding Emily's teary eyes. Clasp the flower, Fred fell, losing himself in the stiff, virgin freshness of the sheets. As he pulled the sheet over his head, the image of the room was swallowed in the silhouette of the lamp next to his bed.



Maryn Duke

Fred awakened to the sound of rain. He yanked the clinging sheet off of his body, trembling from the cold. Darting across the room, he looked at his watch and realized that it was just as he suspected: he was over an hour late to meet Emily. He shivered like a frightened fish, trapped on a sandbar. Fred had always been afraid of letting Emily down once more. Now that they had found each other again, he promised himself that he would never let go of the thread of a relationship they had retained over the years following Emily's mom and his divorce.



"Noooooooo--Daddy CAN'T leave Emily!!!!" Her voice had never stopped echoing in his ears. It echoed like seagulls thrashing in time with the ocean's roar and squawking their messages of discord. The heartbroken little girl constantly clung to his pants' tattered cuffs, even now as he quickly shuffled about the room, getting ready to leave.

Laying the toothbrush back down on the counter, Fred breathed deeply. His exhaled breath fell out of his body, pulling yet another memory with it. Fred's thoughts were hanging on him, and in response to the weight his shoulders fell. Lethargically, he grasped the comb and forced his head up, slowly, until his eyes met the gaze in the reflection.

"Hello...Frederick Hamilton?" Having just walked in the door, Fred hastily responded, "Yes. And who's this?" His annoyance was increased when after a long wait for a response, he was answered by a dial tone. Cursing the "mindless kids" bothering him with their petty crank phone calls, he began to remove his layers of winter clothing. He hung his maroon wool scarf on the hook by the door and ran his fingers along the fiber's spine. They hung on to the tassles of the scarf and the treads danced on his palm like the unidentified voice pirouetting in his memory. The phone rang. He jumped and the scarf fell to the floor.

Clenching the lifeless plastic receiver, Fred barked, "What?" After a moment of silence disturbed only by the sound of someone inhaling, collecting themselves, he heard a response.

"Frederick Hamilton, his is Emily Hamilton. How are you?" Thoughts cascaded through his mind, rushing streams of ideas, colliding into one swirling pool of confusion. He emerged and managed to voice a choked response, a barely audible, "Okay."

"That's always nice to hear," said the polite, quivering voice on the other end. An awkward silence filled the space between the estranged people. Clearing his throat, Fred thanked her and evaporated into the silence in hopes she would continue in his place.

"I suppose you are surprised to hear from me after so long..."

The silence crawled further into the receiver.

"And you must find it difficult to know what to say."

Fred stuttered a response, "Y-Yeah."

"I understand. I practiced with the phone dead for at least forty times before I actually called."

Fred had recovered from the initial stun of hearing from his estranged daughter of two decades and collected himself. All he could think of to say was, "Why is it that you did call--now?"

Emily released a pensive breath of air and then began, "I don't really know...actually...I had always avoided thinking of you. But a week ago, I went to a drug store, in search of an anniversary card for two of my friends. I



wandered through the aisles reading the cards and I randomly picked up a birthday card. On the inside, it said nothing particularly poignant, but it struck a responsive chord with me. Written in ordinary black script it said simply:

"Happy Birthday Dad,

"I Love You

And I Always Will."

"It wasn't until I was driving to work a few days later that I realized why I bought that card." Emily continued slowly taking a deep breath occasionally as if rehearsed.

"It occurred to me that having a father was not something I could avoid. It had already happened. Buying the card was a safe way to accept that I do have a father."

Emily's words melted slowly, finding their way into his understanding.

Making sure he had his house key, Fred delved into his deep pockets and his fingers grazed the ridged edge of his key. As he took one last look about the house, his gaze fell upon the wilting lily. Its browning edges matched the dingy carpet on which it was now resting. He leaped to retrieve the flower, but then eased upward and turned, moving toward the door. There would be many more to come.

Maryn Duke

Maryn Duke





## Early Mourning

The old man held the baby. He held it gently in his arms.

The baby's skin was fresh, warm. It had life. It was soft, and felt to him the way grass does on a warm spring day, when you first sit on it after being inside. The old man's hands shook.

He ran his fingers over his own skin. It was loose and clammy. It felt like skin that had been cried on too many times and never dried enough. It was a balloon with almost all the air let out.

The baby shifted and woke with a start. He took up the old man's hand. To the baby there was no difference in appearance. He could hardly see. But he felt the cold. The baby shook and pulled his hand away.

The old man put the baby down.

He rose slowly and went out to the porch.

He lifted a flower from a vase. It had been picked the day before. He rolled it between his fingers, and brought it up to his nose. There was no smell left. He put it back in the vase.

It was wilted and dying.

He looked up. A half-sun peeked out from behind the hills and threw a single streak of light across the field. It reflected off the dew glistening on the new, fresh grass.

The old man fell asleep.

Eva Levinson

## Untitled

i whisper.

(cold i shiver in particular sunlight) and i just wanted to say

that everything you think you are is irrelevant because of what you are. i just sit and listen to you fill my ears with music and soon i will have no peripheral vision. i just keep staring forward into long-lashed green and greyness and contradictions

and bite my nails

and touch the screen

and look up at the white and storming sky.

Rebecca Hart



## The Fortress

With a ring of steel around my heart  
I watch you through hawk's eyes.  
No one knows my secret wariness  
Nor do they know how I perceive  
For I am a ring of steel  
Within a stone wall of cheerfulness and humor.  
Encircled with trenches and barbed-wire  
As a warning to those who wish to enter  
My fortress.

Allegra Boverman

## Traitor

As I sit on the beach, surrounded by natural beauty, my mind is at ease. I feel almost at one with nature. The trees are so green, the mountain so majestic, the lake so calm and serene. Then the thoughts come, and they are not pleasant.

I shudder as I think of people cutting down trees to make room for more housing complexes which we have no need for. My heart aches as I think of people destroying mountains in order to clear passes for huge new highways. My soul screams as I think of lakes and oceans being polluted by hazardous materials which people put there.

In my mind, I can hear nature crying out for help. Crying for someone to save it. I get up, ignoring the voice. It cries out again, but I just walk away. While I am walking, I feel like a traitor.

I see two young boys breaking off tree branches to use for a game. I walk on, ignoring it. I pass people planning where to lay a new expressway. Its path passes straight through a mountain. There is nothing I can do. I walk along a path by a lake. I see a young couple finish a can of soda. Instead of putting it into the garbage can ten feet away, they toss it into the lake. I watch it float there for a minute, then continue on.

As I lay in bed that night, I felt terribly alone.

Pete de Tagyos



# An Endless Journey

Slowly the morning breaks  
It wakes from an endless sleep to an endless wake.  
The sun starts its long never ending journey  
It starts the journey every morning  
And continues through the night.  
A big monotonous circle  
of light.

Sally Neff

# Knowing

Cross my palm with silver and I'll tell you no lies,  
whispered the gypsy who was as old and wrinkled as time  
itself.

What could you tell me, I thought, hoping that she  
would understand.

My thoughts are many...many visions run deep; deep into  
the minds of the sleeping.

Why am I here, I thought, hoping that she couldn't  
hear.

You are here because you believe, she crawled, and  
grasping my arm, the old gypsy shrieked.

You know, you know, oh why won't you admit your dreams?

What dreams, what do I know? I know nothing, so let me  
go, you old woman. I did not ask for this torture! I yelled  
as I flung the tent flap open and breathed in the fresh  
carnival air.

I know nothing! I yelled again, mainly for my own  
conviction, and I left the sobbing old gypsy woman in her  
tent. And I vanished into the late day mist, knowing  
nothing.

Amanda Saslow



## Wanderings

Slowly it crept through the  
moon shadowed trees  
as I sat  
not knowing if it was a  
man, woman, or beast  
or even if it was...  
in a darkened part  
of my mind  
it was a huge monster  
made solely of  
my nightmares coming,  
coming to enfold me  
friendly or not I dared not  
even to think  
or maybe a killer  
loose from a prison  
of the mind  
who was hungry for a human  
companion  
when actually it may just  
have been the forest language  
or squirrels and deer  
alike  
I wonder what it could have been,  
I wonder

Amanda Saslow

## An Ode to My Larynx

Sometimes if you yell real loud you can block out the sounds of the radio and block out even your own thoughts and then everyone will turn to you and will be ready to listen, but that kind of defeats the purpose because it gets your voice real hoarse, all the yelling, and then you can't speak for a minute and by then everyone has stopped waiting for you to speak and has gone about his or her business and the world returns to normal and you are left completely alone.

Josh Berson



# Black Out

I blacked out on the way to school today. It happens sometimes, but today was different. I was outside my house, just walking like I do every day, and the world faded out. Like a cartoon, you know, at the end when the edges close into a circle. And sometimes some dog or something gets his nose caught in it like it's funny. I never liked cartoons. They really aren't funny. You can tell what's going to happen; they're all the same.

Well anyway, I'm there, just walking, and the world dies. Next thing I know I'm standing in front of my school, that shithole. It was weird. Like going into a tunnel.

When I lose it, like I did this morning, I usually can tell time has passed. Today though, I was here, then there. Fade-out, fade-in. Man, it was freaky. Like I teleported, or went through time or something.

Like once, I'm there eating dinner with my folks, next thing I know, I'm watching T.V. But I could tell there was a patch of time missing. There was a black cloud in my mind that prevented me from remembering what happened, but I knew that some time went by. I could feel it, you know? Like when you can feel who's going to win the ballgame. You just kind of know.

I never try to remember what happens when I black out. I never try because I know I can't do it. I really strain myself when I try to remember. I like, pull a brain muscle. It's a lot like when you try to swallow over and over again. By the fifth time, you can't. You try and try and squirm around and close your eyes tight, but you can't. That's my mind. That's my life. Patches of nothing all over the place that I can't grasp no matter how hard I try to swallow.

But what happened today kind of scared me. Sometimes I think of my oddity as a talent, but today I would have rather been without it. Nothing like it has ever happened to me before. I'm standing there, in front of school, and my heart is racing so fast I think it's gonna burst. And I'm sweating like a pig. My dad tells me pigs don't sweat, but I was soaked, and my clothes were sticking to me. People walking passed me on all sides. I was really frightened, and I tried to remember what happened. I know that it's pointless to try to remember, but it's kind of like a reflex now. I could only think of walking down the road outside my house. No time went by. And then I'm standing in front of my school, shitting bricks.

I think even if I could remember what happened I wouldn't want to know.

For two days after that school thing, I didn't black out at all. Not once. My life went on without a break. The world usually goes out once or twice a day for me, and I'm left in the dark for a while. It's like changing lightbulbs. But nothing happened for two days, and I had to



lead a continuous existence. It's strange, but I'm not used to living without a few rests. The black outs are so natural for me now.

So, after those two days, I wasn't sure what to expect. I thought maybe my body had grown out of the odd stage it had been putting me through. I mean, I've been blacking out for as long as I can remember. And what I remember isn't much. It's sometimes embarrassing, like if my mom is telling a story about how I was when I was little. I don't remember squat. My life starts at age ten, and I'm only sixteen. I can remember camp, and some family trips, but my life is a blur for the most part. It is a little scary, when I think about it.

Anyway, I began to fear one huge black out, where I might be lost for a whole day. That made me shiver. As it turned out, something I didn't expect at all happened.

I dreamed.

Well, it wasn't a dream, but more like a vision. Shit, now I sound like a voodoo prince or a gypsy or something. But I think what happened really was a vision. Your own body generates a dream. A vision comes from outside.

I come home from school, where I really don't do so well. I black out sometimes in class. It really bugs my parents, my grades and all. Anyway, I come home from school and I put my books down. No one is home, that's because my parents work, and I don't mind. I really prefer to be alone. I don't have many friends either. Try none. That doesn't bother me much either.

So I come inside and walk to the kitchen; I'm always hungry when I get home. And I open the refrigerator, then...I'm gone. That's when this strange shit started happening.

It wasn't my mind, I can say that much, because I didn't understand what the hell I was seeing. I remember the normal haze, that block, that I get with every black out. But then I saw light. Light that was fuzzy around the edges. Like those cheap dream sequences on T.V. I hate that. Well, I saw that, and in the back of my mind, I heard footsteps, and then I saw green. The green covered up all the light from before, and...then the strangest part of it all started. I felt something like hair at my fingertips. Soft and fuzzy. Like a mink coat. And I heard little screams, more like screeches, in my head. The sound was really weird, almost frightening. It sounded like when you take a record needle and scratch it across an album. Only this





was deeper and more...alive. Then the green became blotched with red dots, the screams stopped, and next thing I know, I'm back in my kitchen. The refrigerator door is wide open. The cool air chills my skin; I'm covered with sweat. A bass drum beats in my skull making my head throb and my eyes bulge. My arms burn like hell. I look down and see small red scratches in my forearms. Not that many, but they sting like a bitch. I thought I might've walked through a rose bush or something while I was blacked out. I didn't like knowing that my body had hurt itself while I was unaware. I figure maybe that vision thing I saw might have been something like a fever dream. You know, when you're sick and have a fever, you have all these odd dreams. Maybe I was in pain while I was blacked out and I had that sick dream.

Somehow I don't think so.

I was sitting having dinner, thinking about that vision I had, and getting myself all worked up. I just can't get those screeches out of my mind. They echo all over the place. Like this morning, I go into my closet to get a shirt, and I hear those goddamn screeches. At night too, those screams haunt me. I'm about to drift off, and I hear those sounds in my head. It's like when I was a kid at camp. At night, in the bunk, I'd be in my bed and real close to sleep. Then a mosquito would buzz in my ear and I'd snap awake. That's exactly what it's like. Just without the summer heat.

In any case, I'm getting all sweaty and frightened and I'm talking to myself. No one is in the room to hear me; both of my parents are working late. So I'm there at the dinner table, eating a pot pie, and reflecting on all the sleep I'm losing. I was wishing for a black out, so I wouldn't have to think about it, but I hadn't had one since the vision I had a few days ago.

I was clearing the table when Mrs. Montgomery came over. Mrs. Montgomery is my neighbor. She's a widow, and she's lived in the house next to me for as long as I can remember. That's a laugh. For all I know "as long as I can remember" is just a couple of weeks. Well, she's been there a long time. A real sweet old lady, and a little senile. Typical senior citizen.

Her knock was really feeble and I was so lost in thought it took me a while to realize she was at the door. I threw my plates into the sink and ran to the hall. My footsteps made hollow sounds and they reminded me of that goddamn vision. I shivered.

Mrs. Montgomery was in mid-knock when I opened the door. Her appearance was startling. She was pale as all hell, and her whole body was shaking. She had her hands folded on her chest. I noticed that her dress was misbuttoned. She didn't say anything but her lips quivered. I was really hoping that she wouldn't cry, because that's exactly what it looked like she was about to do.



"Hello Mrs. Montgomery." I said it so sweetly. I hate talking to old people. I really feel uncomfortable around them. I never had grandparents. Well, I don't remember them, but I think my mom's parents were still alive when I was young. My memories don't go back that far. Anyway, I haven't really had any practice as far as talking to old people goes. Mrs. Montgomery was making me itch.

She managed to whisper hello, then cleared her throat and was able to speak so I could hear her. Her voice shook like crazy. Like an old record without the pops. She told me her cat was missing, and that it had been gone for a few days and still hadn't come home for dinner. I really couldn't make out a lot of what she was saying. I stood in the doorway and listened to her for almost five minutes. By the end of her speech I really couldn't give a shit about her stupid cat. I told her I hadn't seen it but I'd keep an eye out for it. She thanked me. When she turned to go she reminded me of the criminal off to the gallows. She walked so slow. I felt sorry for her. Maybe she could get another cat. I stood there for a while, and by the time I closed the door she was probably over at the Jameson's across the street.

I plodded back to the kitchen. Thinking about Mrs. Montgomery's cat, I blacked out.

I smell mildew in the darkness, and I feel dull tickling sensations on my skin. I don't see anything, and my other senses take over.

I came back right in the middle of a conversation with my mom. Thank God she wasn't in the room with me. Just on the phone. All I remember is that visit by Mrs. Montgomery. Now I'm sitting in my room with the phone to my ear.

"...just don't forget to turn the alarm on before you go to sleep. Honey? Are you listening?"

"Yes mom." I figure she's calling to say that she's coming home late. I look at my watch. It's already 9:30. Shit, I was blacked out for almost three hours. My mom is kind of absent minded. She always forgets to do things until the last minute. "What time did you say you were coming home again?"

"Honey, I've already said it a thousand times," She was very exasperated. Too many hours at the office. "Maybe not until midnight. Dad too. Now, I really have to go."

"Okay. Bye mom." My parents are brokers for the same firm. That's how they met. What a love story, you know? Kind of makes you want to cry.

I hang up the phone slowly. So now I'm alone. Wonderful. All the more time to think about all the weird shit that's been happening to me.



I never really had to worry about what my body does while I'm blacked out. Not until now. My black outs are much longer than they've ever been, and I'm having those crazy visions. I'm very scared.

I sit in the chair I found myself in when I came back. It's a swivel chair, and I spin around without really thinking about it. Nervous reaction. I think about my goddamn black outs for a long time, and get myself scared. But it isn't true fear. Not like the kind of fear that you get walking down a dark street at night. Or horror movie fear. Nothing like that at all. I'm scared of what's happening to me. There's something wrong. It's the fear someone gets when they find out they have cancer. It's like a rock is hanging over my head that I know is going to fall eventually. There's something building up in my body, some kind of energy, and I'm really scared. Like the cancer patient. They know that the end is coming, they just don't know when. Same with me. Except I don't know what kind of cancer I have. I don't know what the hell is wrong with me. I know that it's no normal problem. If I see a doctor he'll probably call some scientists to take me away to some fortress where they'll do experiments on me. Like that movie Firestarter. I've always wanted to read the book. I like Stephen King's stuff. Anyway, I'm not going to any doctor. I'm not even going to speak to my parents, because knowing my mom, she'll call the doctor for me. So forget it. I'll wait. And be scared. I can handle it. No problem.

I get up out of the chair. I feel really tired. More like drained. My head throbs. I just need to sleep. Screw the alarm. I don't think anyone is going to break into the house while I'm asleep anyway.

I walk over to my bed, which is a mess. I wonder why, because I remember making it this morning before school. But knowing my memory, I could be wrong. Who cares.

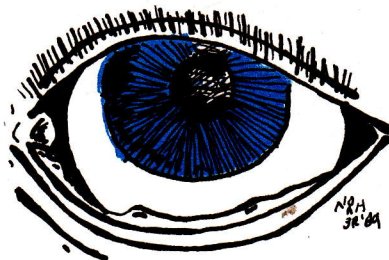
I lift back the sheets, and what I see almost makes me vomit.

There are about a dozen dead cockroaches in my bed.  
I black out, screaming.

"Cockroaches!"

The whole class turns around to look at me. Their eyes dig into me, and I can feel my face getting hot and flushed. I slide deeper into my chair.

"Yes?" Mr. Pierce leans across the lab table at the front of the room, his eyes bulging. Mr. Pierce is my biology teacher. He thinks he's funny, and right now I can tell that he thinks he's a real scream. I hear the laughter and the girl next to me sighs, "Oh my God". Bitch.





I can only sit and look stupid. My heart is beating wildly. "You were about to say something?" Mr Pierce says brightly. "About cockroaches?" He smiles. What a prick.

"No," I manage to mumble. A big change in volume from the scream I let out. I really must have said it loud. Slowly the newly found fear of my black outs rises to the surface of my mind.

"I didn't think so." Mr. Pierce turns to the blackboard. "Because I was having trouble figuring out what cockroaches have to do with a Punnett square." More titters from the class. I hate Mr. Pierce.

I sat mutely, trying to ignore the stares. Then I think, did I sleep in my bed with them last night? I shuddered at the thought. The last thing I remember is seeing cockroaches in my sheets. I feel a little nauseous. Never have I come back to the real world in the middle of bio class. Or any class, for that matter. That same fear settles in the pit of my stomach.

Mr. Pierce returns to his discussion on genetics, the class resumes notetaking, and I sit back in my embarrassment. I feel sick, I feel frightened, and I feel like an asshole. Great combination. Like a goddamn banana split.

Lunch is next period and I can't wait. I need to get out of this classroom. Pierce's lecture becomes a drone in my head.

The world begins to fade. My stomach heaves and my heart jumps into my throat. I'm scared. I try to fight it. It takes a lot of strength, physical and mental. Everything slowly comes into focus, and my mind and body remain aware. I can't believe it! I prevented the damn thing. I stopped my black out.

I sit back in my seat, sweat pouring down my face. A droplet goes in my eye, stinging. I can't get over it. Maybe I can control my black outs from now on.

A chill washes over me, and before I realize it, everything is gone.

Blacked out.

I see faint blurs of color all around me, but the edges of my vision are a gray haze. I hear faint crashes that sound like wood and glass breaking. I feel battered both physically and mentally. What is going through my mind is really strange. I only think hatred and pain, and my blurred vision flashes in red. Red anger. Half of my mind hates these feelings and is scared of them. Well, more than half.

But a small part loves it.

I return from my black out with crashes ringing in my ears. My mind doesn't register right away where I am, so my eyes are forced to.

I'm staring up at my bedroom ceiling, remembering the vision I had while blacked out.



The crashes.  
The thoughts.  
The anger.  
The fear.

What the hell is happening to me? I remember biology, the cockroaches, everything.

My chest is heaving; my lungs ache. My heart beats fast as all hell. With great effort, I get to my feet. The room spins like crazy, and I have to clutch onto the edge of my desk. I close my eyes until my head clears.

Then I feel the pain in my legs, and my arms, and like everywhere on my goddamn body.

I look down and see I'm black and blue all over. Like the joke, what's black and white and red all over. Except this isn't funny. I have a few small cuts on my hands and arms, but nothing major. But I'm bruised all over. My arms, my legs, and I lift my shirt to find my sides and chest all messed up also. What the hell is going on? I'm really scared. But not about the pain and the bruises.

What the hell did I do while I was blacked out?

The fear creeps right up my spine. Something is very wrong. I decide I have to lie down, so I stagger over to my bed.

I sit down on the edge of the mattress, feeling some of the pain ooze out of my body.

The cockroaches! Jesus, the cockroaches!

I get up too fast and my head reels. I feel dizzy and lightheaded all over again. I close my eyes and wait for the feeling to pass, panic beginning to cloud my thoughts.

After a while, I don't know how long, I'm able to open my eyes again. I don't want to check the bed but I know I have to. I'm scared. The sheets are pulled up, and God I hope there are no bugs in the bed. My mind pleads.

I put my hand on the sheet's edge, take a deep breath, and pull back the sheets.

Nothing.

I sigh in relief, all my muscles relaxing. Jesus, I was so scared for a minute. I sit down on the bed. I begin to go back to the start of all this.

Walking to school.

The vision.

The screams.

The roaches.

Class.

The crashes.

God, everything. It all comes in a rush. Then my heart skips a beat, because I remember something very important.

I'm supposed to be in school.

I look at the clock next to my bed. 1:36. Unless I've been blacked out for more than a day, I've been gone for a little over two hours. I check my Far Side calendar, and the day is the same.



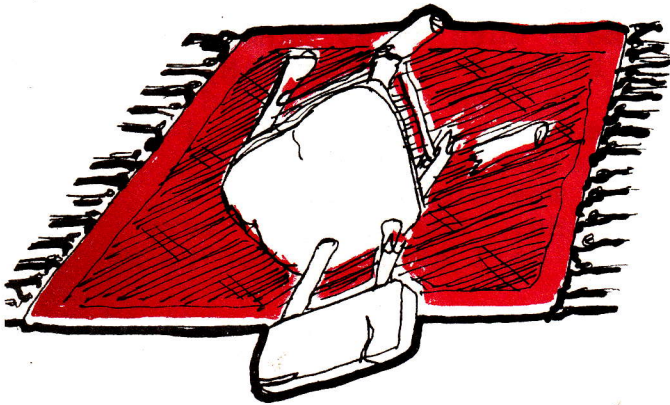
Forget it. I don't care. My mind is really screwed up right now. All the things that have happened to me lately just hit me in one big explosion.

I decide I need a drink, to cool down, because I'm sweating like crazy. I leave my room, wondering just what the hell happened to the cockroaches.

I go downstairs, headed for the kitchen, and what I see leaves me lost for words.

The hall, the living room, the kitchen, are destroyed.

The hall. Front windows smashed. Radiator cover destroyed. Table upside down, its legs broken off. Coat hanger splintered in two.



The living room. Couch overturned. Cushions everywhere- torn, bleeding stuffing. A chair in the fireplace, another through the shattered glass coffee table. Little statuettes destroyed, one that my mother loved that she bought in China before I was born. Curtains ripped and dangling from the window panes. Everything is broken, mutilated.

Kitchen. Refrigerator open, food everywhere. Cabinet doors ripped off, boxes of stuff all over the floor. Rice, flour, oatmeal- spilled. Tables and chairs broken and smashed. Toaster broken on the floor. Oven doors dented and sagging.

Destruction.

It's not real. I try to convince myself that my house is intact. It doesn't work.

I sit down on the bottom step, in an attempt to collect my thoughts. What could have done this? Who could have done this? How could it have happened while I was blacked out? I was the only...

(one in the)

...one in the house.

I sit straight up, the thought hitting me like a bullet.

I was the only one in the goddamn house.

No. Someone must have broken in. I was blacked out in my room, and someone came in and trashed the place. Yeah.

(bullshit)

I begin to pace. I try to block the thoughts out of my head but it's impossible. Everything begins to fall into place, in horrid picture puzzle fashion.

The crashes in my vision.

I did it. My God, I'm sweating like hell. I did it all. The glass breaking. The anger. All me.

Why?



In the back of my head I realize that I'm crying. Or am I laughing? Ha-ha. Yeah, it would be nice to laugh. Laugh at Mrs. Montgomery's cat, because I did that too. Strangled the little shit in her backyard.

(What's wrong with me?)

Those screeches were the stupid cat, I remember it kicking madly under my stone fingers. I can hear the screeches again, in my mind, and I like it. Really.

The roaches. Me too.

I'm laughing hysterically now, clutching my stomach.

(Jesus, why am I laughing? WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?!?)

I'm on the floor now, looking at the ceiling spin. I'm floored, to say the least. Shit that's funny. Makes me giggle.

But then I remember the house. What am I gonna do? Ha-ha-ha. I'll just have to do the upstairs too.

(NO! What is wrong with me? I'M NOT IN CONTROL OF MY BODY)

Or my mind. Ha-ha-ha. Ha.

I get up off the floor, my laughter fading into little giggles. This is a very serious matter. Hee-hee. I've gotta stay in control.

(Control. IT'S MY BODY MY MIND)

Slowly I walk up the stairs, my heart beating madly. Oh, I'm so excited. The folks have gotta see this. Ha-ha.

I cover my mouth, quickly. Don't laugh. When they get here you can laugh. Hee-hee.

(Jesus Christ I'm INSANE!)

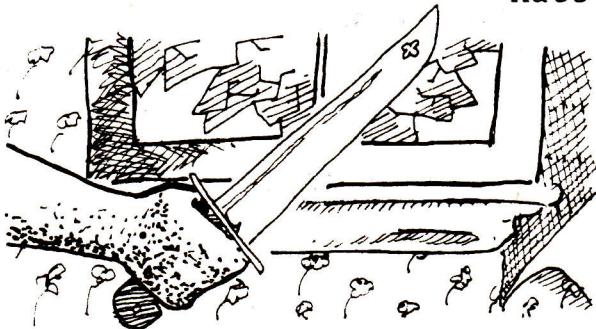
I go into my room and close the door. I rip open my desk drawer and find the knife that I took from the kitchen. The destroyed kitchen. Heh.

I sit down on the bed. Gee, I miss my cockroaches. Ha.

I hold the knife tightly. Laughing, I black out, waiting for my parents to come home.



Matt Schwartz





## On the corner of South Orange Ave. and Tillou Rd.

teeter  
probing the air  
totter  
like a rubber jack ball  
teeter  
uniting upward with my exhaled air  
totter  
flattened with the luminous asphalt  
teeter  
(whoops!)  
totter  
(crash)

(a true experience)

Maryn dukula

## Carnival

Struck  
I curled up, frozen  
faces pressed hands against the air  
surrounding me  
I hid my face shielded from  
the numb everything buzz I reached out  
out  
out, stretching, contracting,  
falling you put out  
hands  
the numb everything buzz blue sweatshirt soft  
soft smooth cottony warm  
pulled in  
in  
I curled up, spineybony  
soft smooth spiney bony cottony angle warm elbow  
I dropped  
fell through, through, into myself  
into the numb  
the buzz  
the blue.

Sarah Tuttleton



## Wooden Arms

Rock, rock,  
Squeak, squeak.  
The wooden, rocking body sways back and forth,  
While supporting an old woman.  
Her worn smile like an ancient photograph  
Fading...

Words so scarcely voiced  
    fall on unattentive ears  
While she observes herself  
    being ignored  
By her children and her  
    childrens' children.  
Who romp together.  
The aged woman sits abandoned  
In the unclear echoes of the thunderstorm  
In her hollow heart.

Rock, rock,  
Squeak, squeak,  
A rocking chair sways  
Back and forth  
Having no owner.  
Gone...

Lauren Altucher

## Like my fingers through your hair

saturated bristles glide across the grain  
of the undecided canvas  
    (like my fingers through your hair)  
my ideas stain, solidified oil, from my skin palette,  
hindered by the sweat of turpentine, bandaged by fabric  
misguided tubes of paint spewing forth  
bathing the frame in shades and tones of me  
    (as I dwindle on you.)

MarmaDuke





Whitney Lawson

## "Green is a Piece of Seaweed in the Sea"

The stone curves coldly under me  
The moss is clammy, stroking my fingers as I  
sit here, alone  
Icy droplets of rain peel down my back  
lick my bent neck, sliding  
into my hair  
I cry droplets of rain  
peel down my cheeks  
lick my lips salty sadness you  
kneel by me, stroking my  
fingers as I sit here  
alone.

Sarah Tuttleton



## Endless Sky

The tips of the wheatstalks  
sway back and forth  
in the lazy breezes  
of a hot midsummer's day.  
The sun's brightness  
makes them seem  
more brilliantly gold  
than usual.  
The sky is shockingly  
blue  
against the miles  
of gold.  
A bird flies overhead  
and I think of  
how small it seems  
against the endless  
sky.  
I don't realize  
how small I am myself.

Ellie Behrstock

Alyce Waxman



Jeremy Doyle





## Snow in Fall

Walking through the park early on a Saturday morning was the way he had started off his weekend for the past three years. It was very relaxing, because not many people were out yet. His favorite part was when he walked past the small lake surrounded by trees in the center of the park. On clear mornings, you could see the tops of all the trees reflected in the still water.

When he got to the lake that cool fall morning, someone was already there. Two young children, a boy and a girl, sat on the edge of the water, with a model sailboat floating just in front of them. It seemed to be an old-fashioned handmade one; it was large enough that its masts went up to their chins. He smiled, turned, and started to walk away. Before he had taken a few steps, he stopped and turned around to look at the children again.

The two children were dressed in colonial clothing, and they didn't seem to be totally there. Everything about them was pale. Their hair was very blond, almost white. Their faces were bleached. The out of date clothing they wore was five shades lighter than it should've been.

The girl turned her head, and stared straight through him. The eyes. The eyes were not dulled or paled at all. Two dark green eyes stared right past him, as if he was not there. She stood up crying, "Mommy!", in the way that only a terrified child who has just seen something bad happen to her parents can. Then she ran in his direction, and passed right through him. She disappeared just after coming out the other side of his body. Her voice still echoed across the lake.

He turned back to the boy, but he was gone. Only the sailboat gave any sign that the two children had ever been there. He walked toward it very cautiously. It also had an unreality to it, a pale, under glass look. A slight wind pushed the boat out toward the middle of the lake. Then, as if it were its own reflection in a lake into which a stone had been thrown, the boat rippled slightly, growing more pale, and then it wasn't there anymore. He knew he wasn't seeing things, though, because of the V-impression in the water of a boat, which kept getting wider.

One fall day, just before the sunset, she set out on her daily walk. This was the part of living in the country which she liked the most; being able to step outside of a house surrounded by trees. She loved the dirt roads around her house, even if they did turn into asphalt eventually.

Her walk that day gave her a good feeling, which she hadn't felt for a long time. A kind of settling feeling, just below the middle of her chest, like everything was going the way she wanted.

Just as the sun began to set, she heard footsteps. They weren't going very fast, but still she looked back to see who was there. A tall, old man in worn but good clothes



walked not very far behind her. She'd never seen him around before, and seeing that he looked a bit lost, she waited until he caught up with her.

He was even taller than she had thought, over six feet. His hair hung just above his shoulders, and he was clean-shaven. That surprised her, for some reason. He was very old, easily over 80, but he seemed to be one of the strongest, most healthy people she had ever seen.

He walked with his head down, so for a little while he didn't notice that she was there beside him. When he did look up, he looked a little startled, surprised to see another person.

"Oh. Hello. I didn't see you there. Have you been walking here long?" His voice was very calming. Any fears she might have had of him left her when he spoke.

"Hi. No, I haven't been walking here long." She felt very at ease talking to him. "I was up the road, and I saw you coming. You looked lost, so I waited for you. I thought you might need directions or something."

"That's very nice of you. Many people wouldn't stop, even out here. I'm not lost though. I walk this path every day. It's one of the most beautiful roads around here. This evening makes it even nicer."

"I know what you mean. I feel better right now than I have in a very long time. Something about tonight feels different."

He cleared his throat and said, "I'm sorry. It's been so long since I've talked to someone that my throat gets sore very easily. I haven't seen anybody for the past six years. Before that, I'd usually meet someone every now and then. I've been living out here for 16 years."

They continued on down the road. There was still a little bit of light. The few clouds that were in the sky had turned pink.

"I've been out here for five years. Every month I go to town for a few days to sell my paintings, and buy food and other supplies. That's why I love it out here--I can get some painting done. I live alone except for my cats."

"After my wife died, there wasn't anyone that I was close to in town, so I left. I'd made enough money to buy a house up here, and buy many different kinds of food. For the first few years, I did go into town at least once a year, to pick up a few things, but I then started to go less and less. I've been happy here. I still have books to read, and places to walk, so I don't need anything anymore. I still have enough dried food, and someone delivers eggs and milk to the end of the road every four days so I can make bread. There haven't been many other times when I've been more happy."

They turned around and started back down the road. For a little bit, neither of them said anything. When they were almost back to her house, there was just enough light to see by.



"It's funny that we've never met before," she said. "I mean, I walk on this road every day. I don't always walk at the same time, but I should have run into you at some point."

"That is strange, isn't it. Then it's very fortunate that we did meet."

When they came to the path that led to her house, they stopped. In the almost dark, his white hair and pale face practically glowed. Then, for the first time, she noticed his eyes. They were dark brown, and gave the most comforting look she'd ever seen. They were good eyes.

"I should get going," he said. "I have a dog, and it's about time for me to feed him. I've enjoyed walking with you very much. It's nice to meet someone now and then."

"Are you sure you won't come in to eat?" She didn't want him to leave. Not yet.

"No, thank you, but maybe I'll see you on the road sometime. Have a good night."

"You too. Goodbye. See you soon."

He turned around and walked away. After he had taken about ten steps, he faded away.

She ran after him, but there was no one there. So she turned around, and went to the porch of the house. She sat on the steps and stared out at the road. After awhile, she got up and went inside.

The next day, her walk took her in the same direction in which the old man had started out before he had disappeared. She wanted to find him. The strange thing was, she didn't know why. She just had this need to find out where he lived, or if he even had been there last night.

The road started to slope upward. She was trying to look for any side path that might lead to his house. The trees kept getting thicker around her, and the road was becoming too sloped for her to keep walking it.

Then it ended. It just stopped. There wasn't even the smallest impression of a path, or a trail. She was surrounded by trees, except for the path going downhill in front of her.

She sat down, leaning against a tree, and looked around at the path and the forest on either side. She didn't understand where he could have gone. There were no side trails that he could have taken. In fact, there weren't any signs that anyone had even been on this path in a very long time.

She must have been sitting there for awhile, because the sun had moved from the top of the sky to just above the trees in back of her. Just before the sun went below the trees, there was a slight flash of light, a glitter, not too far down the path and not really into the forest. Something down there had reflected the sun.

She ran down the hill to where she thought the flash had come from. She walked off of the path into the trees, and wasn't very far in, when she tripped on the bottom of a stone wall. It was the kind that you always see in the



forest. The reason why she hadn't seen it was because it was only a little less than two feet high, and it was partly covered by leaves. It was the kind of wall that had once been part of a farm. She looked around her, and saw that there were three other walls, all about the same height. Together, they reminded her of the foundation of some of the older houses she had seen.

Just before she was about to stand up, something caught her eye in the leaves in front of her. Looking a little closer, she saw what it was, took it out of the leaves, and picked it up. It was a small, oval piece of silver, very rusty except for a few little patches. One of those patches had been sticking out of the leaves, and that was what she had seen up on the hill. It had a little clasp that was rusted over. She scraped as much of the rust away as she could. It was enough, because when she tried the clasp, it opened slowly, with flakes of rust falling to the ground.

Inside were two small photographs, one of a man and one of a woman, and an inscription that was dated 1871. She looked at the pictures a little more carefully. The two people could easily have been in their sixties. The woman was very beautiful, and the man was the old man she had met on the road yesterday.

Suddenly she became very frightened. She got up and ran in the direction of the road, tripping over the stone wall again, but this time regaining her footing. She didn't stop running until she had gotten up to where the road leveled out. Then she stopped. Why was she running? The nice old man to whom she had spoken yesterday was not going to hurt her. She didn't even know if he was going to come back. Then she realized that she still had the pictures and their date inscribed on the silver container. It was in her hand, which by now was very red from holding it so tightly. She opened her hand and put it in her pocket.

The sun was getting ready to set. She'd been out most of the afternoon, which had ignored her with its speed. She walked back to her house now, trying not to pay attention to the lump in her pocket. Just as she was getting to her house, she thought that maybe she heard footsteps. She turned around, but nothing was there. A small gust of wind blew. She closed her eyes, breathing the cool air in, so she didn't see the pale dog walk across the road right in front of her.

Two days after finding the pictures, she went on one of her monthly trips into town. It was only about ten miles away. Usually, she would pick up supplies, food, and paints, and then go to the small art gallery to try to sell some paintings. This time, though, she was going somewhere other than these usual places.

The man at the information desk sent her down the hall and down the stairs to Records. She didn't completely know why she wanted to find out, but she did want to know more about the man she'd talked to on the road.

The stairs were dimly lit, and dusty. It didn't look



like too many people came down here. Directly to the right of the foot of the stairs was a desk with a man sitting at it. He looked in his mid-fifties, and he seemed extremely comfortable down there. He didn't even realize that she was in front of him; his head was buried in a folder of some kind. Behind him were two large file cabinets. The rest of the large room was filled with rows of bookcases which almost touched the ceiling. In these bookcases was the history of the town. All the paperwork that had ever been done was somewhere in those files. Some of it, like the newspaper, was on film and slides. The earliest that the paper had been transferred to film was 50 years ago. The very earliest one was from 1802.

She stood there looking around for a few minutes. The man was so into what he was doing that he continued to ignore her. Finally she very quietly cleared her throat and softly said, "Excuse me. Could you help me with something?"

He looked up. "What? Oh, sure. What do you need to get?"

"I need to get some information on a person. Wait...I have a picture of him. That might help." She searched her pocket for the metal case in which the pictures of the old man and his wife were kept.

He took the case from her hands and opened it. After looking at it for a few seconds, his eyes widened.

"Where did you get this?"

"I was walking in the woods, and I found it."

"Follow me." He turned and walked to the back of the room. He kept mumbling little things under his breath.

He took her to where the old newspapers were kept on film, and took out a roll from the late 1800s. For a minute he searched through the roll. He knew what he was looking for, and he found it.

"In 1875, Joseph Reynolds was one of the wealthiest men in town. He owned a bank, but was very kindhearted and didn't do to people what many in his position had done, and still do. In February of 1875, his wife Martha caught an extremely bad case of pneumonia, and died three weeks later. Here is the obituary."

She looked at the film of the newspaper. There was a picture of the woman in the locket, and next to it, a picture of the man she met on the road. The print above the pictures read: "Martha Reynolds, wife of bank owner Joseph Reynolds, dead at 61."

"You have pictures of them both four years before this happened." He stopped and thought for a moment, trying to remember something. "Oh yes, when his wife died, Joseph was destroyed. He bought himself a house way out in the mountains, and made all the arrangements necessary for him to survive. Then he left. He gave the bank to one of the major associates, and went to live in the mountains with his dog. For the first ten years he came into town every now and then to visit, but then he stopped, and was never heard from again. This is a story that says, a couple of years after the turn of the century, a lightning bolt struck the house



he lived in. The house burned to the ground, fire killing him and the dog. Who knows? This is a really great antique, though. The pictures are still good also." He examined it one last time, and gave it back to her. "Can I be of any other help to you?"

"No, you've been a great help in what I needed to know. Thank you very much."

When she left the building, the pale autumn light dazed her after the dimly lit room. A cold wind blew right through her, sweeping the dust from the room of her. The picture case in her pocket was also cold.

Two weeks later, she started having the dream. It wasn't a good or a bad dream, but every night she had it. Nothing actually happened in it; there were only images. She would see three red lines parallel to one another, and every now and then white dust, which reminded her very much of snow, would fall from one line and land on the one below it. The snow would start to almost melt, and slide along the line for a little bit, and then fade away. Every night for a week, she had this dream. Then it changed.

She dreamed of a tall old man walking down a dirt road. A wind blew leaves past him. Some would stick to his back. Then he would slowly fade away until he was gone. After this, the dream would switch back to the three red lines, and the occasional snow falling between them. It then shifted back to the same old man walking down the dirt road. He was a little less distinct this time, almost fuzzy. Again the wind would blow leaves past him, but instead of some leaves sticking to his back, they went right through him.

She woke up, and suddenly she knew what had happened to the old man. Historians picture time as being straight, always going forward in a straight line, but what if it wasn't like that? Time can go for a certain length on a time line. When it reaches its limit, it starts on a new line, parallel, but below the one before it. As time passes, the weak points in the time line erode and fall off onto the one below it. That's what ghosts are, she thought, and that's what happened to the old man. Part of his life eroded off of his time line, before the fire killed him, and he "fell" onto her time line, at the same spot. The only difference is that he isn't all there, so he isn't tangible. She scrambled out of bed to write this all down as quickly as she could. This was what her dreams of the red lines and the snow had meant. That's what they had told her, and finally she had listened and watched and the message had gotten through.

When she was done writing, she looked up at the clock near her. It was 4:45 a.m. Realizing how tired she still was, she put the pen down on the paper, and went back to bed. She was asleep before she realized that she had forgotten something about the dream. After the "snow"



touched the time line it ended on, it melted, and flowed along it.

In the next three weeks, her life returned to normal. She did not dream of the three red lines again. She went into town on her monthly trip again to pick up supplies, and she continued to paint. For awhile, she carried around the pictures of the old man and his wife, but recently, she hadn't. What had involved her so much a month before was already starting to become less important. She was still able to picture the old man's face, and every now and then she would make sketches of him and his wife, so he wasn't totally out of mind. It just wasn't as important as it used to be.

Then one morning, she woke up and it was white outside. It was the middle of November, and the first snow had fallen. After lunch, she took a walk. It had been very windy all day, so the snow had drifted. As she walked along the dirt path that was now covered with almost four inches of snow, she saw snow drifts that looked almost two feet high.

The snow made everything extremely quiet. It insulated the forest from the sounds of any creature still awake and looking for food. She thought that there had to be something around, but she saw nothing. Everything was still. It was so quiet that she could hear the slight sounds of footsteps behind her, crunching quietly. She turned around to see a tall figure slowly coming toward her.

She waited, and then she realized who it probably was. As he neared her, she felt a small rush of warmth in her fingers and toes. She walked toward him, now totally sure.

"Hello! I told you I'd see you soon." Her words echoed between them.

"Yes, I remember you. I met you here not long ago, when the trees still had leaves. It seems like such a short time. It's funny. Time has been almost skipping around for me recently. I never quite know what the road is going to look like when I look up."

"Do you know why you-" Then she stopped. She didn't want to upset the old man, even if that meant not telling him what had happened to him.

"You were going to ask me something?"

"No, forget it. It's not important anymore. Isn't it really beautiful out?"

"Yes, it is. Snow always makes things look much nicer than they usually are."

They walked on, talking like that, until they came near to where the road turned to asphalt. They turned around and went back the way they had come. When they reached her house, they stopped. The sun was already about to set. He told her that they might meet each other again on the road. She answered yes, they just might. Then he said goodbye and turned around. As he walked away, she began to be able to see through him. More and more, he faded, until she could just see a general shape. Then he was gone. She took out the metal case which held the pictures of the old man and his



wife, and looked at them. Then she put it back into her pocket, turned around, and walked back into her house.

Michael Hammer







Whitney Lawson



## Twelve O'Clock

Today the sky is clear blue and no clouds can be seen for miles around. My mother is in the kitchen baking cookies and the aroma reaches me while I sit here in the backyard, writing. The old, powerful oak tree towering over me, gently sways in the breeze and provides me with a natural shield from the sun. The sun only breaks through the open spaces between the oak tree's leaves; creating amazing patterns on the ground all around me.

The newspaper on the table beside me flaps and flaps in the wind, only weighted down by the small digital watch on top of it. It is twelve o'clock.

A bluejay lands on a branch to the left of me and goes to her nest. She reunites with her children and they can only scream at her for food. In her beak, there lies a plump worm which still wriggles and squirms to get away. It loses the battle and the bluejay's children are hungry no more.

My mother says the cookies are ready. She gracefully brings them out to me on a silver, metal pan, and asks me to try them.

The soft dough of the chocolate-chip cookie melts around my tongue and coats my mouth with a delicious taste. The soft chocolate transforms my mouth into a warm, cozy cave. As the cookie slowly dissolves away into the depths of my stomach, I look up at my mother. She is smiling.

Today my mother's signs of age and growth have gone away, and she looks like a child of ten. Her grey, thinning hair gives way to her youth. Nothing in the world can make her unhappy.

Alex Wee-duh



## Silly Putty and Trigonometry

Far away from me is a young being  
Sitting on a stack of books at the edge of my bedroom  
Where each novel is a piece of time, starting at the bottom  
    of the stack--yesterday,  
When I agonized over school tests and then  
I stayed home alone and feared robbers  
And did homework which was not too difficult  
But it still interfered with playtime.  
Schoolwork was simple also--just learning how to add,  
But before that, my parents read me bedtime stories  
As I fell into a sleep  
Unmarred by worries  
And felt placid like the calm, small child sitting on the  
    life volumes at the edge of my bedroom.

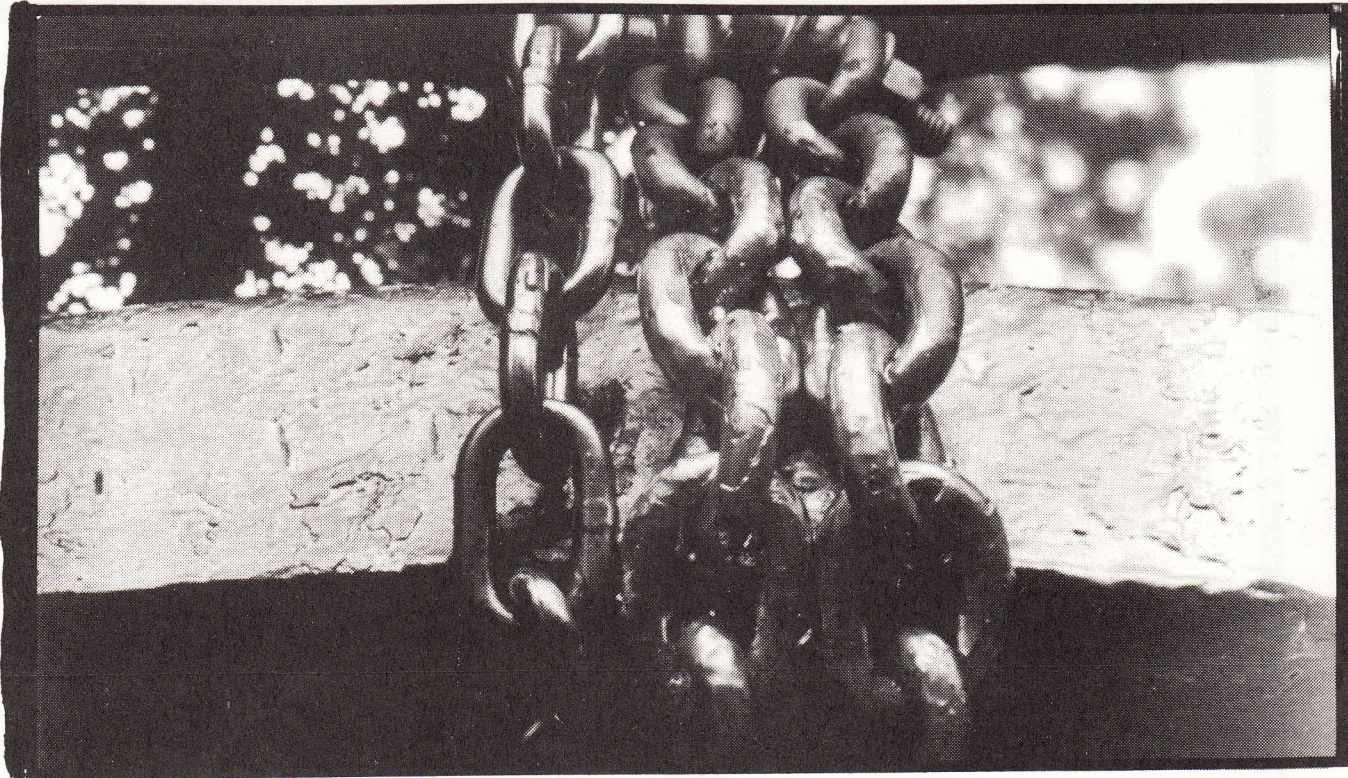
Lauren Altucher

## Dead Green

barren and desolate stands  
the old oak tree  
just across from  
my house  
lonely, for neither birds nor  
children visit its branches  
it has lived its life  
of full duty  
a home and mother to the  
cries of abandoned sparrows  
and children alike  
food and shade have not  
been its only gifts  
to those who needed them  
a pillow to tearful children  
until a stand for elderly rest  
but now,  
that is gone along with the  
laughter and song  
that was our gift back  
always in my dreams  
will the old tree be young  
and full of ripeness.

Amanda Saslow





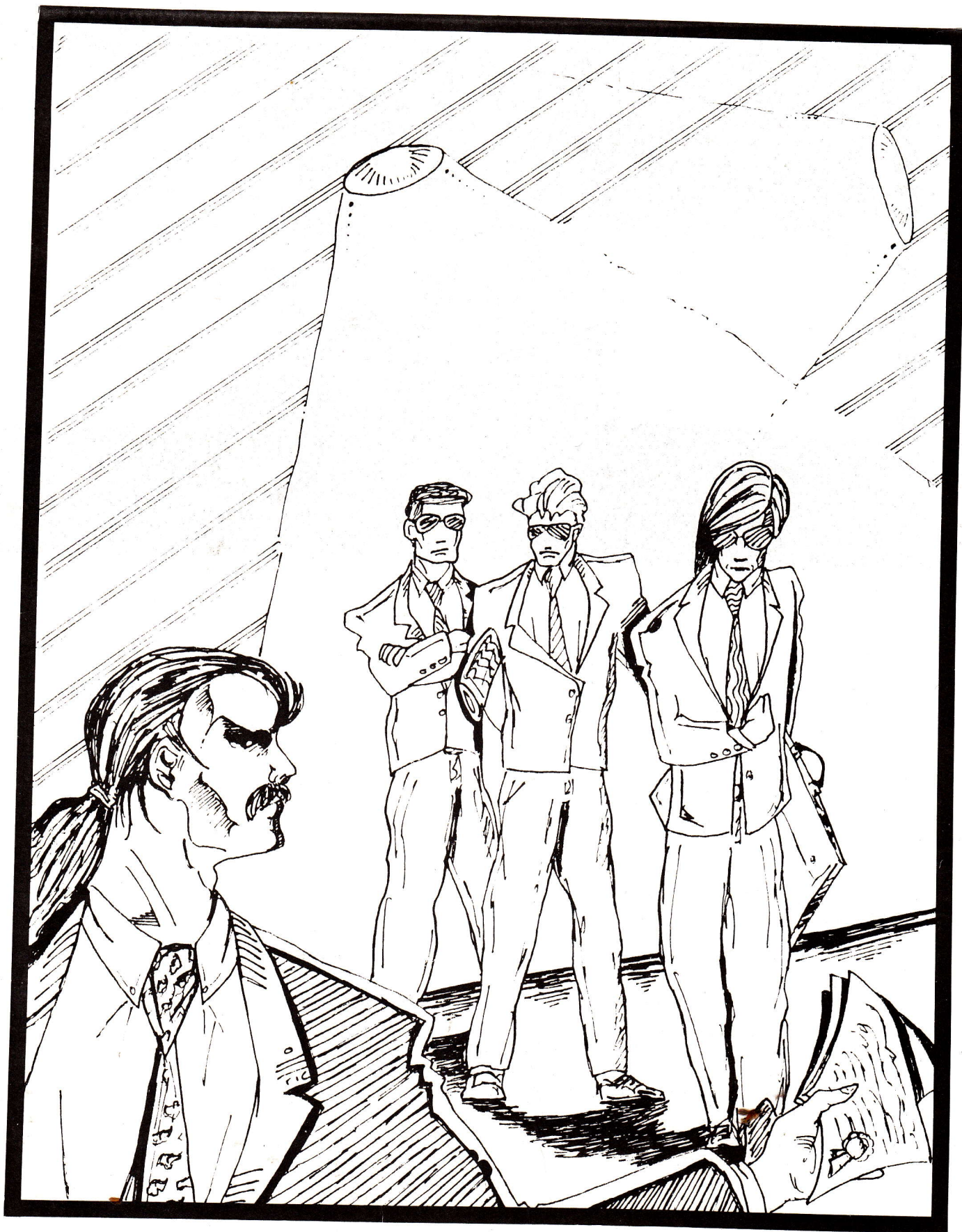
Charlie Swartz

## after watching the rain run down the gutter

I walked sadly  
my face watery-wet  
from a lot of things  
eleven o'clock psychotic  
lonesome  
on slick sidewalks  
looking for one of those  
Puerto Rican groceries with the  
red and yellow lights  
all night open 24 hours cigarettes candy newspapers  
company  
gray leathery fingers counting out my change  
from a birthday card I'm  
not planning on mailing but wanted  
I wanted to grasp those cracked fingers  
look into those dulled black eyes  
instead I left,  
admiring the way my toes dragged  
through the puddles.

Sarah Tuttleton







# Disappearing Images

Tears run so wet  
In the corner of a dark room  
As dark as the blackness in my heart  
And you just stand there  
Lost in your own circle of non-existence  
Looking at me with thunder eyes  
Thinking there is a better world  
Somewhere deep in the night of my eyes  
But your searching--leaving  
Going past my eyes  
Like falling through a mirror and never landing  
Until you are vanished  
Gone, lost in the surface of my tear.

April Inglese

# A Crushed Photograph

picture frame of mom and dad  
soaring across the T.V. room  
splintering, meeting with the flowerpaper  
a crushed photograph, thrown by me  
possessed by memories

ghoulish visions  
of years' moments  
which burned through my awareness  
only to return,  
slipping through the crevices of my shattered skull

apparitions creeping beyond each corner of thought  
waiting to descend upon me,  
suffocating me in the dank, translucent shroud,  
of my closeted memories, festering with disease  
now escaped with rage and playing demon tricks on my reality

picture frame of mom and dad  
soaring across the T.V room  
splintering, meeting with the flower paper  
a crushed photograph, thrown by me  
possessed by memories

Maryn Duke



## Dandelions

like a stealthy cat she walks in silence  
steadily, surely, never stopping for rest  
or to look back at the footsteps  
she leaves in the soft green path

to some, it seems she dawdles  
and picks the dandelions  
growing at the edge of the trail  
to some, it seems she runs swiftly  
with the wind through her hair  
and leaps the largest puddles

those who lag behind  
or sit and watch her pass  
will find that she soon is gone  
and those that grasp too tightly  
or try to race her  
are sure to find that she has escaped

as for me, I try to match  
her even strides  
and become a friend  
of wing-footed time

Julie Birnbaum

## Out to Sea

I comb the beach for shells, souvenirs of my despair,  
broken and dry. With the milk light of the moon pouring on  
to the tar sea, a ghost vessel materializes. Abandoned long  
ago, bobbing and swaying subtly, the frame is eaten away and  
flooded with barnacles leaving the beams to wave at me,  
taunting my pain. I, insane with anticipation, try to count  
the stars. I almost arrive at the number. However,  
something brushes against the tendons of my saturated  
ankles. Removing my body from the clinging seawater, I see  
the pale piece of lone driftwood that has made its way to  
shore, futilely begging for my attention by clawing my leg.  
Before its rotting form crumbles in my fingertips, I throw  
the wood and my gaze out to sea.

maryn



## Dapple Grey

Komaka was upset. Her father and brothers had gone hunting again. It wasn't fair; even little Coyito got to go, and he was only ten. She was nearly sixteen and still her father believed her ambitions to be a childish whim. Her mother sympathized but said, "A woman cannot hunt. She must care for the children and the hearth. If you hunt what will you do when you're heavy with child or have little ones trailing behind you?"

Komaka didn't care. She didn't want to have children or get married anyway.

On the day of his sixteenth birthday, every boy had to go into the woods and stay there living off the land until he killed a large animal. Then he could come home, and he was given a hunter's name from the animal he killed.

Komaka made up her mind that she would go to her father and ask--no, beg him for at least the chance to prove herself, on her birthday. If she could not, she would accept a woman's life.

Her mind made up, she went to Takaeo, her best friend and the only one who shared her ambition.

"Do you think your father will let you?" Takaeo asked.

"He has to. Everyone must have a fair chance. No woman has hunted before because none have ever proven herself. But I will...." Komaka was speaking excitedly and stumbling over words.

"Calm down. You know if you are promised, you will not be able to hunt. You may very well be promised, you know. I am."

Momentarily distracted, Komaka asked, "To whom?"

"Kira. I'm to be married in the full of next moon."

"Congratulations." The two girls hugged. "Did you request him?"

"No, but I think Father guessed." Takaeo laughed happily.

The girls embraced again, before getting back to more serious topics.

"Do you think I am?" Komaka asked.

"Are what?"

"Promised."

"I don't know. You could be. I've been promised for over a year now, and father only told me because I'm to begin making my matrimonial tunic." She indicated a bundle of soft deer skins beside her.

"Beltakira," Komaka said musingly.

"What?" Takaeo was startled.

"That will be your new name, you know. 'Bel' to say you are married, 'ta' as part of your childhood name, and 'kira' as your husband's name. Beltakira all together. It's a very pretty name you know."

"I never thought of that. I guess I'll have to get used to not being called Takaeo anymore, right?"

Komaka nodded absently.



Takaeo sighed, "What are you thinking about now?"

"Well, if I am the first huntress, I won't have much status," she began haltingly. "And no man will want me, so father will lose status and may even lose his position!" she finished in a rush.

"Are you reconsidering?" Takaeo said in mock surprise. "My stubborn friend Komaka is giving up?"

Komaka's chin went up. "No, I'm not giving up. I shall be such a good hunter that I shall gain my father status!"

"That's the idea now," Takaeo said soothingly.

"Komaka, Komaka!" sounded from her home tent.

"Uh oh, Mother is calling. I have to put Utaka and Kalia to bed now. Bye!" She got up and ran with the silent grace of a hunter up to the tent.

"If she's allowed, she'll make some hunter," Takaeo thought to herself.

Komaka ran swiftly up to the tent flap and inside.

"Komaka, where have you been? It's time for Utaka and Kalia to be asleep. You missed your meal, and your cleaning is not done."

"I'm sorry Mother, I'll get right to it. Utaka, Kalia, come here!"

The two little girls ran up. "Komaka! Come play with us."

"No, it's time for bed now. Come."

With sorrowed looks, they followed her to their beds.

"Come on guys. Don't look so sad. We'll play tomorrow."

The little girls brightened up for a minute and then looked glum again. "But, Father will be home tomorrow," Utaka began. "And he doesn't like to hear us play," Kalia finished for her.

"I promise that if Father is home tomorrow, we'll find time to go into the forest and play."

"Promise?" they pleaded as one.

"I promise." she said solemnly.

The little girls snuggled up on their bed of skins and quickly fell asleep.

Komaka straightened up around her bed area and fell to drinking the broth silently. She then heard a noise outside, which she defined as her father and brothers returning. She ran up to catch the exhausted Coyito as he stumbled through the door. She whisked him off to bed, but as she went, she heard her eldest brother say, "She's so efficient. I wonder why Father hasn't promised her off yet."

She managed to maintain a proper expression as she put her little brother to bed, but her heart was rejoicing. She wasn't promised! She still had a chance to be a hunter! She sat respectfully, if impatiently, by the fireside while her father and brothers ate. "Why did they have to be so long about it? Couldn't they hurry just a little?"

Finally they were done, and all of her brothers retired to their beds.



Komaka and her father sat in silence for a long while before Komaka broke the tension.

"Father?"

"May I speak to you about something?"

He grunted his assent.

"I would like to be a hunter," she announced, and then quickly rushed on. "I'm almost sixteen. Time for boys' trials. I want to prove myself, Father, and you know there must be an equal chance for everyone. Please Father!" She stopped when she saw that he wasn't reacting.

After a few minutes her father spoke slowly. "I have been expecting this for a long time. I have spent many hours debating what I should do. With great difficulty, I have reached this decision...But it is not irrevocable."

"What is your decision, Father?" Komaka asked hopefully.

"You must be allowed a chance. But you shall have no help or training. If you fail and return, you shall be promised immediately, and we shall hear no more of this. If you do not return, you shall be used as an example to prevent others from doing as you did. If you succeed, you cannot be married ever and you shall have your own tent that shall not be shared." All this he said in a flat, unemotional voice. He continued, "Do you still wish to commit yourself to this?"

Komaka didn't speak for a few minutes as she considered the full implications of this decision, and then finally she said, "Yes Father, I do."

Komaka spent the next few days preparing for her birthday and asking her gods for forgiveness and blessings. When it was at last the day of her fateful night, she gathered old weapons from her brothers and spent the day in meditation.

At the last light of dusk, the entire tribe gathered to bid her farewell. Although they had been conditioned to make no comments, there were many whispers and gasps of surprise in the gathered throng.

Fighting back tears, Komaka hugged her sisters, mother and Takao. Then, bidding a formal farewell to the rest of the tribe, she set out with only the clothes on her back and assorted weapons.

While she was still within view of the tribe, Komaka walked proud and upright with a carefully practiced hunter's step, but when out of their sight, she slumped down against the nearest tree and began to sob.

"Who am I to believe I could change the spirits' ways? Women aren't meant to hunt. I should go back now and accept being promised."

As she thrashed her arms about, one landed on the tip of her spear. Although it was only a small cut, it brought her quickly to her senses. As Komaka staunched the bleeding with clean ferns, she considered if she should return and admit defeat.



All of her reasoning saw this as the best course of action, but something in her argued against it. "Oh well," she said with a sigh, "I've never been a very reasonable person."

"Now I'd better settle down for the night."

Komaka scouted around for a good place to sleep. She found a pleasant spot under some spruce trees. The ground had a soft covering of pine needles, and it was sheltered overhead by the branches.

She dragged her weapons under a nearby tree and pulled some leaves over them. She pushed some pine needles together to make a bed and surveyed her surroundings. With a satisfied sigh, she flopped down and slept deeply.

Too deeply, she realized the next morning. Her weapons were scattered and she herself had evidently been nudged across the glade. Accustomed to having people around to watch out for her, she had slept too deeply to notice the numerous small animals that had come around in the night. There were tracks of racoons, squirrels, birds and a small fox.

Komaka knew that she was lucky that nothing larger had come. She surveyed the damage that they had done and saw that her sling was missing. Nothing else had been taken. She was thankful for that and let the gods know it, but she knew that she had to think more like a hunter and less like a little girl from then on.

Komaka began foraging for edible roots and greens. She had collected a fair pile before she realized that she could hunt in earnest now. She hurried back to her glade to get a spear.

She stalked her game just as she used to when play-hunting. She eventually got within spear-throwing distance of a small, brown rabbit, but by the time she had adjusted herself for good aim and distance, the rabbit was gone. Komaka realized that in training with non-living targets, she had never bothered to hide her intent. She had clearly telegraphed her intentions to the rabbit, who then ran off. As she settled down to eat her greens, she considered the impact which a lack of training might have on her hunting. A great deal, she soon realized in despair. Even some well-trained boys had failed to return, including her elder brother. What chance did she, an untrained girl, have at completing this journey?

"I need to get training," she thought aloud. "But from where? No one in my tribe will help, and certainly no one in a rival tribe. So who?" She worried about this problem for awhile, without realizing the obvious. She was the only one there. She would have to train herself. Now, how to go about that? She would have to learn the habits of a large animal so that she would know what to do when hunting one.

Now at ease with her decision, she made camp for the night. It had taken her most of the afternoon to come to this decision. But, she could not fall asleep. She tossed



and turned for a while, and then decided to get up and walk around a little. She walked as if in a trance up to a small glade. Coming to her senses there, she looked around to see where she was. Her eye fell upon something while leaning against a tree. It was one of the young men who never returned, or what was left of him anyway. Komaka turned and retched. What a grisly reminder to be cautious. She remember what had happened last night. The same had evidently happened to this would-be hunter, only he hadn't been as lucky as she had been. She shuddered looking at the leg-bones and fragmented fingers.

"How can I ever sleep again?" she moaned softly and then broke into a keening song.

I take from you  
and give you back.  
I take your pleasure  
and give you back my sins.  
You take from me  
and give back none.  
You take my love,  
my people,  
as you did take this one.  
Cradle and protect him  
and let him return to us  
again.

So, somewhat belatedly, the young hunter was given his blessings in the spirit worlds.

Then Komaka wept bitter, self-destructive tears. Her eyes, as black and deep as a bottomless pool, swam in her head. When her tirade of weeping was over, she sat up and said resolutely, "I shall not come to that end."

Then she passed out.

Komaka came to again in a few minutes. The shock of the whole ordeal had been too much for her. When she realized the complete implications of her unnatural folly, her mind couldn't take it. She had grazed the inside of her elbow in the fall. It was bleeding, but not seriously. Komaka cut a strip of her tunic with her hunting knife and used it to bandage the scrape. Unfortunately, this prevented her from having complete use of her right arm. This, she realized, would pose difficulties in spear-throwing.

Well, no matter. She didn't need spear-throwing today. Today she was going to look for a herd of...of what? She didn't know...a large animal not too difficult to kill... Her thoughts trailed off.

Komaka shook her head, clearing out her cluttered mind. Now, to stop thinking and begin tracking.

At first, she found only prints of rabbits, squirrels, and other such animals. Then, while following a rabbit's



tracks, she happened upon a deer trail. Her heart fluttering in excitement, Komaka followed the trail to a small meadow. When she looked up, she saw not deer, but horses grazing at the opposite end.

They were alert, their heads up and eyes wide. The herd was poised on the brink of flight as the stallion whirled to face her. Despite her lack of formal training, she knew better than to face this menace directly--especially with a wounded arm. Komaka made camp although it was still early, for she knew that she would not be moving from that spot until the herd did. When they saw she wasn't coming any closer, the horses relaxed.

She was able to see them more clearly now that they weren't packed together.

There were five to six mares with foals, a few yearling colts, and the dominant stallion, all of a beautiful copper, grey, white, and brown apolusoso color. Then she saw something standing off to the side: a slender, dapple-grey mare. She looked out of place somehow. She was too delicate for this band and her color set her apart. Komaka saw at once that she was the best choice to hunt because she wouldn't be as strong to defend herself. But for now, she was content to wait and watch her.

In the morning, Komaka breathed a sigh of relief. The herd had not left in the night as she had half-expected them to.

The grey mare was standing slightly apart from the herd, head down. The other horses seemed to sense her difference. Because nothing blocked the distance between them, the grey mare was the perfect target.

Komaka's hand had gone to her spear shaft, unconsciously. Then the mare lifted her head and her eyes met Komaka's for a moment that Komaka would remember forever. The gentle, deep brown eyes of the mare seemed to see inside her. Then the mare tossed her head and their gaze was broken. Komaka knew she didn't want to kill her.

Then she shook her head at herself. Imagine! Becoming sensitive about animals. Unbelievable! But the emotion remained.

After gathering a hasty meal of roots and berries, Komaka went back into the forest so as to practice hunting without alerting the horses. Her days continued like this for several waxings and wanings of the moon.

One day, Komaka woke up to a chill in the air. She shivered and thought to herself, "Takao has been married for several moons, and the cold season is approaching. I should make my kill and get back soon. I'm adept at hunting now. I've killed many small animals and now I must prove myself."

She walked out into the meadow and saw only grass. The horses were not there. She was too late; they had moved. She was one day too late. Komaka was crestfallen. All of her preparations and practice, all of her attempts to learn



the ways of the herd were in vain.

Feeling defeated, she slumped against a tree. Then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw a movement. The grey mare was moving towards her.

Komaka gripped her spear tightly, ready to throw the minute that the mare stopped moving. But the mare didn't stop. Instead, she continued to move forward, until a soft muzzle barely touched Komaka's bare shoulder.

Not realizing until this moment just how starved for affection she was, Komaka let out a sob and threw her arms around the mare's neck fiercely.

Startled, the mare drew back her head and retreated a few paces. She stood, her eyes questioning, looking at Komaka.

"I cannot kill the mare," she knew, "or any other animal. Why?" she wondered. "Because now I know that animals can have feelings and personalities as well as humans. I cannot kill a feeling entity," she answered herself.

With a sigh, she realized she must return to the tribe.

She walked for a day and a night until she was within sight of her tribe. Then, she slept. No one paid any attention to her as she walked through the cluster of tents. Then, "Komaka!" a glad voice shouted from behind her.

"Takaeo!" she cried back, running to her embrace.

"Beltakira, you mean now."

"Oh, that is true. How are you?"

"I'm fine. Are you a hunter now?"

"No," Komaka said bluntly. The tone of her voice warned Beltakira not to ask anything else.

After a joyous reunion with her family and friends, Komaka went to face her father.

"Well, child. Did you succeed?"

Taking a deep breath, she replied, "No, father," and she proceeded to tell him her story.

"Komaka, you are not a hunter. You know that. But you have shown great courage and persistence in your attempts, as well as a deep insight into animal feelings. I don't think you could accept a normal woman's life after this. So, henceforth you shall study as a priestess, and you shall be known as: Dapple Grey."

Bowing her head, Komaka replied, "Thank you, Father."

Jenny Brandes





Omar James





# The Lake

The lake was beautiful, expansive, and mysterious. The sun shone brightly on it, giving the water's pale shade of blue a brilliant glow. Jimmy spent all of his time at the side of the lake. He sat on a bench under a huge elm tree. He liked to be in the shade, where he was protected from the heat of the sun. To shield his eyes, he wore dark sunglasses. Jimmy was wearing jeans, a sweatshirt, and a baseball cap so as to protect himself from sunburn and also the distinct possibility of being splashed by one of the many kids in the lake. Jimmy always avoided getting wet at any cost.

Jimmy wasn't a kid anymore. His life was passing by quickly, too quickly perhaps. It seemed to Jimmy that he'd spent his entire life at the side of the lake, watching the children dive in and the seagulls fly by, without ever going in himself. For Jimmy, the idea of jumping in was ludicrous. He always considered the potential hazards: the swirling waters of unknown depths, the fish and other sea life existing there, and being with all those wild children. Also, he'd never been taught how to swim. He was very unsure of himself. Jimmy thought, "Why should I expose myself to all those dangers when I'm content to sit on the edge and watch." That was all Jimmy wanted to be--content.

Jimmy was observing his surroundings. He watched as the children played. Some were smiling joyously, enjoying the wonders of the lake, while others had pained looks on their faces. Maybe they'd been bitten by one of the animals in the lake, or been told they had to leave by their parents. Either way, both groups of children were feeling emotions Jimmy himself had never experienced. Jimmy had no expression on his face, and his mood was reflective. He wondered about himself, and all the people in the lake. He longed to know what they were feeling, and how they lived their lives. "Am I missing something?" Jimmy realized suddenly that he'd been sitting on his bench for hours. He made a momentous decision. He looked at his watch--it was 6:25. "Oh, no! The sun will set soon. I don't have much time. I'm not a kid anymore. I've got to hurry."

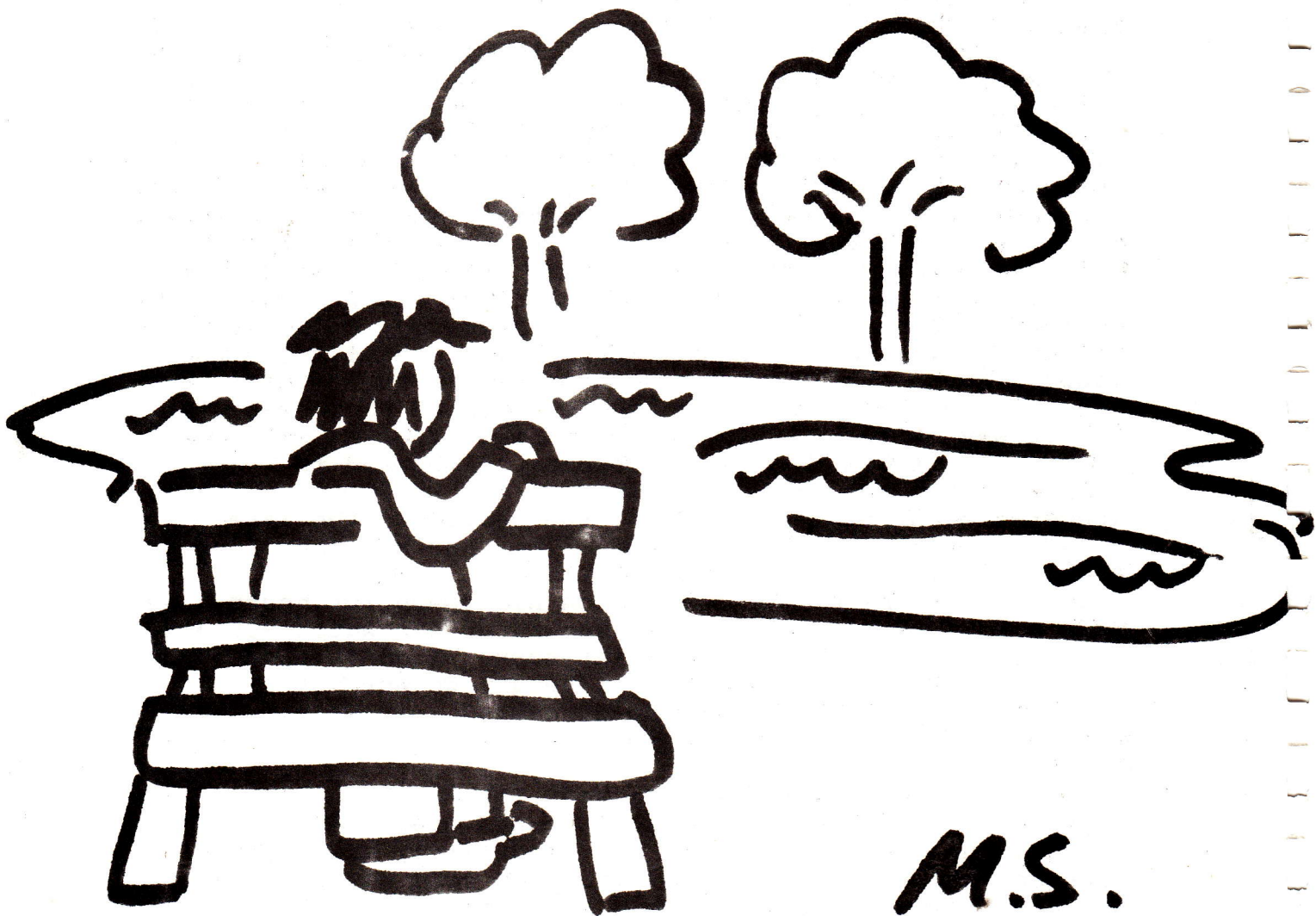
The cap went flying in one direction, his sunglasses in another. In forty five seconds flat he'd stripped down to his shorts.

Now or never, his mind shouted. It's now or never. Jimmy stood over the edge and his toes leaned over. NOW, he decided furiously. He dived in, head first, and quickly plunged into the all-encompassing, ice cold water. Jimmy was overpowered by a feeling of ultimate satisfaction. His arms were shaking with excitement as he sank to the bottom of the lake. The water here was shallow, and, despite his inability to swim, he longed to move to the deeper water. He let his body be taken by the water.



As he swayed along, he accidentally bumped into a nervous father, who was chasing after his cat-like daughter. The father, in a fit of anger, almosted jumped Jimmy, but thought better of it. He settled for a verbal attack. Jimmy just smiled. He'd lived his first day.

Evan Brier



M.S.



# Shropshire

The days of Shropshire have long passed me by. It seems like years since I last climbed the rockpile and looked out over my kingdom all orange and gold with the setting sun. And it seems even longer ago that I played there innocently as a child, unaware of the world's terrible but tempting fruits.

Shropshire. I recall clearly the days when I first discovered the harmless kingdom. We had just moved from New York City to Markton, Connecticut. It was the summer I turned eight years old and I can remember the joy I felt when twenty acres of land faced my pioneering feet. Now, I can recall as if it were yesterday the first time my brother Warren and I walked through Shropshire exploring every little corner. Through the forests and fields we tramped, marvelling at all the animals which were not so common in the city. It was all so beautiful to my opened eyes for they had seldom seen nature's wilds. My brother and I ran laughing through the fields free from the eagle eyes of our parents and the clenching fist of the city. I remember how clean and clear the air seemed. It felt as if this land was the world. In these forests lay China, the North Pole, Africa, and Shropshire. But I had not seen that yet. I knew I needed to find just the right place to establish my empire.

It was when Warren suggested that we play a game that I came upon Shropshire. We decided upon hide and seek. I was to hide and Warren was to seek. Warren sat on a rock in the middle of the field, put his face in his hands and began to count up to one hundred. I took off flying through the grass in the direction we had yet to explore. I was adventurous for a seven-year-old girl and was always wanting to be the first to do something which, I imagine, was quite difficult for my eleven-year-old brother.

I ran through the little field away from my brother and towards the trees. I slowed to a stop when I came upon the towering pines but still moved without looking. It was as if something were guiding me to Shropshire. Perhaps I was meant to find it or perhaps it was meant to find me. At any rate, I came upon Shropshire in a rather mysterious way.

I had come to the end of the woods. The trees had abruptly ended and a thick hedge blocked my path. I was rather disappointed for I had expected something, yet here clearly was the boundary of our land.

Suddenly Warren's shrill voice penetrated through the trees. "Ready or not, here I come!" he yelled. I was frantic now for Warren could run quite fast, and I was sure he had peeked from behind his hands at least once and observed which direction I had headed in. I looked around for some rock to hide behind or some tree to climb, but there was no rock and all the tree limbs close to my head were thin and brittle. I stopped for a moment and tried to think clearly. Now where could I hide? It was then that I noticed a thinning in the hedge. Would it be possible for



me to squeeze into this thick hedge? Just then I heard the cracking of dried sticks and my brother's excited whooping.

With that I threw myself into the bushes intent on nothing but giving my brother a fair fight. Branches scratched me everywhere sparing not one patch of flesh, and I realized that this had not been one of my more brilliant ideas. And I could clearly see the forest from my hedge which meant that as soon as Warren came upon this section of the bushes he could clearly see me. Desperately, I pushed myself farther back into the bushes unaware of the angry claws scratching my head and hands. I had now made a little tunnel through the tangled mess but I was still clearly visible from the outside. I stopped my backwards progress and listened. The whooping was quite close now. I pushed still further back into the bushes. Suddenly bright sunlight penetrated into my tunnel and I pushed still harder, now flooded with curiosity as to what was beyond this terribly thick barrier. I pushed and pushed and finally broke through, into the sunlight and into Shropshire.

It was beautiful and I knew instantly that this was my kingdom. My special kingdom that I christened, "Shropshire." Here the grass was tall and light green and the sun came filtering through. On three sides of the clearing was a cliff, sharp and jagged, but protected by rocks growing up around it rather like a natural wall. It was cozy here. One side was sheltered by a tall overgrown hedge while the other sides were protected by big boulders. The smell here was so clean and clear and I breathed it in deeply, treasuring every moment. I forgot instantly about the ferocious hunter on my trail and the scratches on my body.

"Ivy!" Warren yelled. "Where are you?"

I paid no heed to his question.

"Ivy," he whined. "I can't look all day."

"I'm over here," I yelled.

"Where?" he questioned.

"Behind the bush," I responded.

In seconds Warren was climbing through the ragged tunnel into my kingdom. He emerged covered in leaves with twigs tangled in his blond curls.

Warren surveyed the area, instantly forgetting the angry red wound upon his leg. "I would never have found you," Warren said. This was a great compliment coming from Warren. "How'd you find it?"

"I tried to hide in the bush and I pushed all the way out," I said.

Warren began to walk through the tall grass looking over my kingdom like a pleased customer. "Hmmm," he mumbled and then quickly whirled around. "You know, this would make a great clubhouse place."

"No," I said rudely. "It's my kingdom."

"What?" Warren looked curiously at me.



"This place is my Shropshire and I am Queen Tateeka," I replied confidently.

"You're so wimpy, Ivy," he walked over to me and looked down into my eyes. His gaze was a cruel, challenging one and I mirrored it.

Warren began to pace. He walked up and down the field, and it was then that he came upon the rockpile, sheltered from our gaze by the tall, rustling grasses.

"Ivy," Warren shouted. "Come here."

I ran to him.

"Look." He pointed at the rockpile.

It was simply a pile of small, grey rocks about knee high stacked like a very thick pyramid. There must have been at most thirty stones there all of roughly the same size, shape, and color.

"This would be just perfect for a throne. Our throne, Warren." I looked at him beseechingly.

"Alright," Warren said. "It might be interesting."

Thus, I took my seat upon the rockpile as queen of Shropshire with a crown of woven grass upon my head and a heart of love in my chest for my Kingdom.

The summer days fell away like sand in an hourglass. My eighth birthday came and went as did the fall and the winter. And I cannot even begin to tell you what a part of my life Shropshire became.

Everyday we could manage it, Warren and I paid our visit to Shropshire.

Our parents knew nothing of the place, and always assumed we were going to race on the field or climb trees or...heaven knows where they thought we went. But I knew they had no knowledge of Shropshire and its charms and secret spells.

Shropshire was not only a magical kingdom, but a haven away from the rest of the world where Warren and I could become one with our selves. A place free from adult eyes and warnings. This kingdom had some magic of its own other than our spells. Shropshire was safety, and it allowed me to open up to myself, let me see the real me. Only in Shropshire could I do this. And to me, that was and still is magic. In Shropshire I really understood myself. Understanding myself was very important to me, for it helped me to understand others.

My favorite times in Shropshire were the sunny weekends when Warren and I would take picnics and eat them on the rockpile with a burgundy royal shawl draped over our legs to keep the crumbs from soiling our royal attire. I can still remember how warm and rich the sun was on these days. It was honoring our banquets. How it made Shropshire glow golden and pale green, clear and peaceful.



Yet the moments I treasured above all others were those I spent alone in Shropshire. Sometimes I would sit on the rockpile letting Shropshire's magic just flow through me. Often I just sat watching the sun set over my land as the boulders began to cool from the afternoon's hot rays.

Two years passed since the discovery of Shropshire and Warren tired of the "game." He was now thirteen and thought himself too old for such foolishness. It upset me greatly when Warren so bluntly for the first time told me to go play my stupid baby games on my own. I felt so rejected and alone and inferior, but I became used to this treatment and accepted it as part of Warren and my relationship. Though no matter how hard I prodded the magic of Shropshire I could never find an answer for his behavior. Thus Warren and I grew apart. Before I knew it he forgot about Shropshire and me it seemed, and went off to boarding school.

I continued with Shropshire, but as I grew older it became less of a kingdom and more of a haven from the rest of the world. In the years after my brother left, I spent time thinking and writing in Shropshire. It became my creative outlet. Here, thoughts would pour from my mind to the paper like rain to the ground. And how wonderful that felt. How wonderful it felt to express myself so freely. No one was there to correct my work, or to tell me what to write and that felt good. So good.

The summer before eighth grade I went away to camp and I believe I did not think of Shropshire once, for there were friends to make and boats to sail and water to swim in. I wrote nothing, I hardly ever thought about others, but still I enjoyed myself. I came home that fall a different person. I got my hair permed and cut and had my first boyfriend. I became popular with the girls in my school and popular with the boys in a way that I had never been before. My grades dropped and I forgot to write. I had no way to express myself and nothing to be proud of. In that year I forgot so many things. My mind seldom drifted to Shropshire and when, on occasion, it did my memories were always filled with scorn for my childish fantasies.

The months ticked by like minutes and a year passed like a day. The branches of the hedge grew over my tunnel so it no longer existed. The grass grew longer, the birds flew north and Shropshire remained neglected.

It was not until two years had passed that I finally returned to Shropshire. I recall it as if it were yesterday. My friend, Kerry, and I were sitting on my bed. It was the early evening. We were just gossiping when Kerry suddenly jumped up from the bed.

"How could I forget?" she smiled deviously. "You know, I have something we could do tonight."

"What?" I questioned.



Kerry moved across the room like lightning and slid over her duffel bag.

I leaned close to her. With a dramatic swoop of her hand she reached into the small bag and extracted a bottle of whiskey.

"Ta-da," she sang and burst out laughing when she saw the expression of surprise on my face. "We are going to have one awesome time tonight, Ivy."

"Umm, Kerry, my parents are home," I said, sitting down again.

Her face fell. "Aw, come on, Ivy, where's your sense of excitement? Let's live dangerously. Come on, if you're worried about your parents, let's go to the woods or somewhere."

I probed my mind for some place secluded and safe to go about our business. It was then that Shropshire came to me. Separate from all the world. I couldn't have thought of a more perfect place.

We took off through the field. Kerry and I eventually came to the forest. It was much darker beneath the tall pine trees. In fact, it was almost pitch black. My flashlight cast one bright beam of light through the darkness of the coming night. We walked and walked through the trees for what seemed like hours. Finally, my flashlight found the hedge. It startled me to realize that the tunnel must have been overgrown for some time now, for when we got to the place where it should have been, there was nothing but a slight thinning in the hedge.

"We're going to have to break through the bush," I said to Kerry.

"Ivy, is it really worth it? I mean why don't we just drink it out here?" Kerry would do anything to avoid labor of any sort.

"No, you have to see how great this place is. No one would ever find us." I began to break the branches of the hedge. "Hold this," I said, handing Kerry the flashlight. I kicked out at the bush with my feet until I finally broke the outer branches. I then proceeded to crawl in and break the clawlike projection with my hands.

"You okay in there?" Kerry called.

"Yeah...just shine the light over here," I answered.

The progress was slow but it was made, and once again a tunnel lay from the outside world to Shropshire.

The stars shone so brightly and the moon looked like a pearl floating in a dark abyss. Everything was so still and quiet except for the rustling of the tall grasses and the chirping of the crickets. It was beyond peaceful.

I waded through the grass until I came upon my throne, the rockpile.

"We'll sit here and drink it," I said as I seated myself upon the stones.

"You know," Kerry said, finishing the last of the bottle in one gulp, "we should have a party here tomorrow. I mean next year. Next week."



The next week we did have a party in the kingdom. There were about twelve people. It doesn't matter who they were. We had some beer. Not some, lots of it and I suppose everybody had a good time. I just remember that memories of the old Shropshire kept running through my groggy head. Then someone yelled, "Here's to life." I mumbled, "Yeah, here's to life" sarcastically and emptied my stomach into the bushes.

I got home alright and surprisingly my parents suspected nothing. I felt terrible the next morning. Both physically and emotionally. Something was bothering me but I didn't know what it was. I probed into my conscience but I could not extract anything. I cried and screamed into my pillow but I still couldn't rid myself of the problem that plagued me. All morning I sat in the house and all afternoon. I was silent and would not speak to anyone not even when questioned. Towards evening I took a pencil and a notebook and went for a walk through the fields and the woods. I walked, seeing nothing, just not looking until I came upon the hedge. My tunnel was gaping like a mouth, wider than it had ever been before.

"Come," it whispered, "Come to Shropshire and feel the magic alone."

I went as if in a trance through the tunnel and out into Shropshire. The beer cans littered the ground everywhere. They shattered and destroyed my Shropshire. One by one I threw every can off the cliff. I watched each hurtle towards the earth at surprising speed. They hit the ground and lay there peacefully. I wanted to crush every one. Stamp on them and flatten each can flatter than the ground. I screamed. All the pain came gushing out and I wrote down everything that was bottled up inside me for two years. All the while tears stained my paper and fell to the stones of the rockpile.

"Destroyed," my mind screamed, "I destroyed my kingdom, Shropshire." It could never be the same. Nothing could ever stay good and pure. Everything had to change. Always. It was then that I understood. Shropshire's magic worked once again. Nothing ever could stay the same. That was what made things special.

I stood for the last time on my rockpile and looked out over my land all orange and golden. All the while tears streamed down my face for I understood. I understood too much.

Never again did I go to Shropshire and never again did I have the desire to.

Liza Ward



## Time Stopped By Time

The ink dark moon is fading tonight  
The once sprightly stars are now draining  
Like wine trickling out of a broken water bottle  
There was a time when I was shining so brightly  
There was a time when I was filled with the light  
    of a broken moon  
Cracked by its own fatigue  
Time passes by like the speed of yesterday's world  
I am fading tonight as a dying star does without  
    its mother moon  
I disintegrate like a burning fire under the rain  
I am now gone  
Discovered by a place where time does not exist  
And emptiness is an unknown word  
This world is not a place  
But a feeling  
The sky there is as blue as a tear squeezed from a crystal  
The trees hide the mother of a daylight sky  
The sound of delicate rain can be heard  
Dancing on the leaves  
And we are lost there  
As fairies trapped in a forest storm  
Embracing one another like the lock of unbinding chains  
We are headed nowhere  
For this is a place where ambition does not roam  
We can't last very long  
Dying like a child without a mother  
It will come again  
But only on the next road  
Falling into a dream

April Inglese



## Standing Here

I've been standing here by the side of the road for as long as I can remember. Someone used to love me and take care of me, but after they stuck that sign up in front of me they were gone. I never knew what it said, probably lots of jumbled nonsense, but it meant terrible things for me.

I started falling apart without anyone loving me. People threw rocks at me from cars. I still wonder why I didn't try to hurt them. Did I? I became weatherbeaten and old, my paint started peeling. I felt useless.

One day a man in a suit came and took away the sign. A family was inspecting me. Why? There's nothing wrong with me. Then they all left and I had that same empty feeling inside me. Two days later they came back. They started to fill me up with books and trunks.

I had someone to love me again.

Katie Hagmann

## Srorrim

watch me in the mirror  
see my eyes fill with tears  
see me change to old  
see my life too binding...  
as is the reflection in the  
mirror  
captivated  
I see my life, backwards in the  
silver  
everything has a tint of black  
my hands old and aged  
with work  
my body too frail to fight  
now  
see my eyes turn grey  
and jagged  
in the reflection of  
the silver

Amanda Saslow



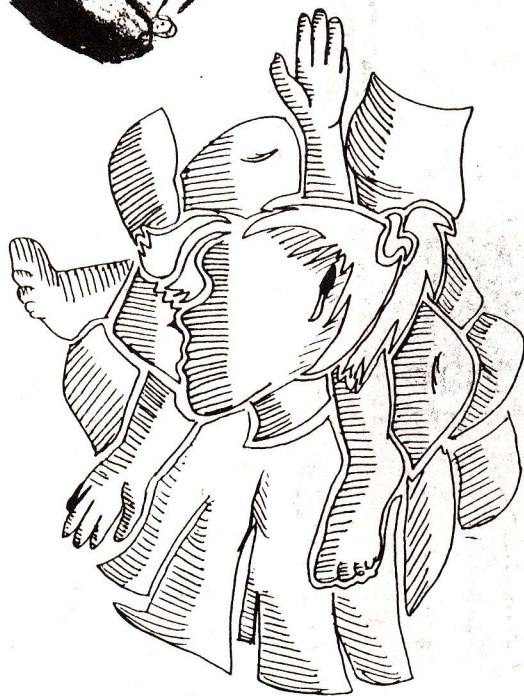
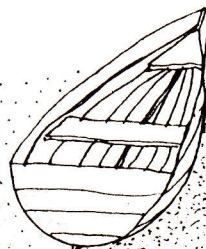


Faith Sugarmann





Drawings by Allegra Boverman  
and Rachel Kand





# Real Men Don't Eat Dog Food

It had always seemed very unfair to him that humans, who had the capacity to formulate deep thoughts and ponder the meaning of their own existence, for the most part had to waste all their lives on mundane day-to-day matters instead of pondering, formulating and creating, as they alone could. Whereas dumb animals, (who were, to be frank...dumb) seemed to have naught to do but make their way in the world and sleep.

Take, for instance, his dog, Sir Robin. Admittedly, his life as a domesticated house pet was even more pathetically relaxed and simple than that of a real "dumb" animal (although he was undoubtedly dumb; he had liked each and every one of his master's girlfriends, not to mention the IRS man who had showed up on the doorstep one day). The dog had all the time in the world - think of it! - to contemplate life, the universe, existence, etc., but his apparent happiness was proof that he fathomed none of it.

The man asked his dog if perhaps he understood somewhat more than he let on.

The dog looked at him dumbly, and panted.

"No, I don't suppose you do," grumbled the man.

"It's not really fair of you, you know," he told the dog. "To take the treasure of a life of leisure and waste it abominably, as you do - while I, a human, have been given the god forsaken human legacy of responsibility! Yet were the gift of leisure handed to me, I would give it the care it deserves! A treasure..." he murmured. "If I were a dog..."

Thus the idea came to him to become a dog. The idea was simple, yet priceless. It needed to be spontaneous. It needed to be enacted right away. He dropped on his hands and knees. No, that was wrong; dogs didn't walk on their hands and knees. He got back on his feet, not taking his hands off the floor. He took a few experimental steps around the room as Sir Robin looked on, panting with confusion, or delight, or heat, or something. The man growled at Sir Robin, who scampered off with a whimper. Pleased with himself, the man sat down and tried to scratch an itch behind his ear with his foot.

He couldn't do it.

That is to say, he couldn't do it with half the grace and agility with which Sir Robin performed the act. If he tried hard and contorted his body oddly, he could just about reach his ear with his knee, but he almost pulled a muscle in his neck in the process. So in the end he scratched it against the side of the kitchen table.

Walking under the table to the kitchen, he ~~bumped~~ his head a number of times, once on a piece of loose metal he was sure shouldn't have been hanging there. This opened a nasty gash in his forehead, which bled profusely and seemingly unstoppably.



Surprised and in pain, he cried out. He couldn't remember what his dog did when this sort of thing happened - actually, he couldn't remember this sort of thing happening to Sir Robin, period. He staggered to his feet and clutched his forehead spasmodically as he made his way to the sink. Just as he turned on the water, however, he spied Sir Robin's water bowl. He jumped back onto his hands and feet, and practically fell head first into the bowl. Moments later, he regained control enough to spot a dishrag and burrow into it to stop the bleeding.

He had a feeling that he ought to dress the wound, but that, of course, was impossible.

"Simply impossible," he barked.

Instead, he decided to begin his new life as a philosopher. He walked, on hands and feet, to his bedroom. He climbed up onto his bed, where he sat and contemplated.

First, he contemplated the meaning of life, and of birth, and of death. He had begun to make some minor advances into the wild world of philosophy when he began to contemplate the meaning of the necessities of life, such as food, clothing (he remembered dogs don't wear clothing, but he shrugged off the thought), going to the bathroom like a mad dog (he shuddered at the thought) and paying the rent. This line of thought led in due course to contemplation of how he was to acquire these necessities.

The phone started ringing. It rang once. He stood up to answer it, then stopped. Dogs did not answer phones. It rang again. He sat and contemplated the fact that dogs didn't answer phones. It rang a third time, then a fourth. Now he was shaking from the effort of restraint. It rang a fifth time. Then ten more times. He had to answer it. Half-crazed, he got up to get the phone.

Just as it stopped.

He had missed the call.

Scolding himself mildly, but greatly relieved, he curled up for his first-ever nap as a dog (without a blanket).

In his dream, he was a golden retriever. At least physically. He knew, however, that he was really a chihuahua. Underneath the golden fur and sharp teeth was a tiny nervous little dog with a tiny nervous little bark. He was trying and trying to reach a bone on a high shelf, which he knew was really a chocolate mousse cake. All of a sudden it caught fire, and the fire alarm went off, ringing and ringing and ringing, piercing his thoughts. After what seemed like hours, the ringing stopped and the mousse-cake-bone, only slightly burnt, was his.

When he awoke, his mother was shaking him.

"You left your kitchen sink on. Honestly, hon - you flooded the entire kitchen. Mr. Hobson downstairs is furious! He was having a party and the water started dripping on his guests. He called you and you didn't answer, so he got worried and called me! Of course, you didn't



answer the door. I had to let myself in. I thought you were dead or something - drowned! You never could take care of yourself, and..." She gasped. "Your forehead! Oh, baby, what did you do? And it's so - dirty...You'll get an infection soon enough, and then you'll come running to me...Oh, my poor, poor baby..." And she ran to the bathroom for medicine and bandages.

The man was panicked. What could he say? How could he excuse his actions, his vile and stupid actions?

In, he remembered, only a bark.

He barked. It was a bark full of meaning, feeling, a deep and thoughtful bark. He hoped his mother would understand.

Mothers never understand.

"What? Stop making noises, I'm trying to help you!" With that, she picked up a cotton swab soaked in some noxious, smelly, stingy substance.

"Yeeowww!" yelped the man. Then he growled. Then he barked again.

His mother held her hand to his forehead, and determined him to be physically in the best possible health. She finished bandaging his forehead, called out to Sir Robin, and told her son to come with her out to the car.

The men barked smartly.

"Yes, good boy." She patted his head. "Nice, nice doggy. Come on, come out to the car."

Dogs do as they are told, the man reminded himself. They do this because they acknowledge superior members of the pack. So he followed, glancing nervously around himself. He saw, with a guilty start, the blood in Sir Robin's bowl and the mess in the kitchen, then hung his head and followed.

He lived the next few weeks with his mother, who seemed to accept his apparent decision with unquestioning calm. Twice a day, she took he and Sir Robin for a walk (though the man really used human bathrooms) and gave them food, clean water, and a doggie biscuit. They wore matching shiny collars. She patted their heads all the time and showed them off to friends.

In the meantime, the man developed many sophisticated insights into human and canine nature.

Humans, he found, were easily fooled by appearances. He also discovered their purpose: to take care of and provide for dogs. Dogs, he discovered, had but one purpose as well: to process food.

He experienced occasional lapses, such as opening his own can of food, answering the telephone, etc. These lapses grew more frequent as time went on, and as he became more and more bored and depressed.

When he got a cold, his mother dutifully brought him to the vet.

"Will I have to put him to sleep?" she asked worriedly.

"No," the vet reassured her. "I think he'll pull



through, this time. But," he added with a slight smile, "it appears he needs some shots..."

"Oh?" said the man's mother, feigning concern.

"Yes...rabies, for one..." The vet took a needle from a drawer.

"Oh?" said the mother, with an ironic smile.

"Oh?" said the dog.

"Most certainly," said the vet.

"No!!!" The man lunged at the vet, who promptly stepped to the side and out of the way. "Don't - you - dare!!!"

"Sometimes they react this way," the vet told the mother with a sympathetic smile. "They have this instinctive understanding of the word 'shot'..."

"Stop!" The man began to strangle the vet, who dropped the needle. "Stop it now! I am not a dog, I am a man, and I will kill you..."

"Down, boy!" ordered the man's mother. Immediately he released the vet and was left on his feet feeling foolish. She smiled dryly. "So glad you've finally realized this little fact. Now, go home, boy...and bring Sir Robin with you...He smells!"

The man hung his head in shame, but walked outside and into the car, and waited for his mother.

It always seemed unfair to him that humans, not the only species with the intelligence to make a real mess of a house, were the only ones with the intelligence and ingenuity and severe lack of time to do so. It seemed to him that justice would be served only if Sir Robin would feed himself and help clean house.

But it was not to be. The task was all his.

He got right to it.

Elizabeth Stein



## Chopsticks #3

Three men and two dogs and one goldfish  
ate an Italian dinner with CHOPSTICKS

"YUM, YUM," they all agreed  
and then they took a relaxing walk in the park  
with Tomas and his lovely wife.

Shana Hack

## Chopsticks #666

Blue Moon, I saw you standing alone  
the moon is made of green cheese  
so I ate it with

Chopsticks  
the cow jumped over the moon  
but half of it wasn't there  
because green cheese

tastes best when eaten with  
Chopsticks

Oh, foul and deceitful moon  
I like cottage cheese better.  
But it is difficult to eat with  
Chopsticks.

Shana Hack



## Untitled

the lost sun still taunting  
my lowered eyes  
as I drift into the deep  
darkness of a hard  
earned rest  
the blackness that will  
soon enfold my pitiful body  
till the colors  
invade  
to my unknowing mind come  
the blues of a spotted  
dog  
as he crawls over yellow  
rivers  
and through melted  
buildings  
until I realize what I  
may be watching  
is left  
in the lost sun

Amanda Saslow

## Half a Cheesecake

A little girl watching a sunset with an over-protective nanny.  
Glowing and shiny.  
It is a big tennis ball.  
A big flashlight.  
BUT DON'T LOOK STRAIGHT AT IT, OH NO! 'CAUSE IF YA' DO,  
YOU'LL BURN YOUR EYEBALLS OUT!  
Yellow, yellow. Turning into orange.  
A bowl of tomato soup. Ha hee hee.  
Bright orange turning into cherry red.  
A marble with a fireplace inside.  
NO, NO. YOU'LL HURT YOUR EYES, SILLY!  
Now, it is only half a marble, half a cheesecake.  
Strawberry cheesecake. Oh, it slipped away.  
The sky is pink pink but orange too.  
YOU HAVE TO GO TO BED NOW. YOU HAVE TO GO!  
Gee whiz, Nanny. No stars for me tonight.

Shana Hack



## The Eight of Spades

The Stranger came into town, kicking dust up onto his boots, which were already faded with wear. His guns hung loosely at his hips, and they swayed lazily with each easy step. Spurs tinkled. His shirt was open a few buttons from the collar, exposing his sunburnt chest. The Stranger stopped, standing like a statue in the middle of the road. He wiped the sweat from his face with a soiled kerchief that he produced from the pocket of his vest, then hooked his thumbs into his belt. He arranged his leather hat so that it made his face a mystery. Only his stubble chin protruded from the shadow, and his mouth, which leaned over to spit on the dry earth. There was a nearly audible hiss.

He stood, thinking, for a long while. Time stopped.

The town was deserted, except for a small rodent, which darted across the dirt road, dodging the Stranger's filthy boots.

He spat again. Smoke rose from the dirt.

The Stranger became aware of something, his head darting up straight. He looked to the cloudless sky, and for a mere second, his face was visible. But nobody saw.

His gestures were like molasses as he walked to the saloon; he moved as if underwater. A cloud of dust floated up from behind him, filling his footprints as it settled.

He stepped through the doorway of the saloon, causing one swinging door to creak and sway. Its mate had long ago fallen from the doorframe, now lost.

The saloon was, of course, empty.

The Stranger's footsteps made hollow noises that echoed loudly in the long-time silent room. Old ghosts became uncomfortable, and seemed to float away. The Stranger was alone, yet wasn't.

A player piano whirled into action to his left, playing a tune long dead, then with no warning, ended its melody. The Stranger didn't flinch.

He approached the bar, avoiding upset chairs and tables. The heel of his boot fell upon a playing card, one that cost a man his life long ago. The eight of spades. His shrouded eyes stared at nothing. Unthinking. He leaned over the bar, the thick dust lifting from the counter. He took off his hat, ran his fingers along the brim, and set it next to him. His face was expressionless, his eyes deeply inset and weary, his skin dark and sun-hardened. His hair was a mess, matted with sweat. Each strand was stiffened from the intense heat. He rubbed his eyes with calloused fingers, and still standing up, he put his head down and slept.

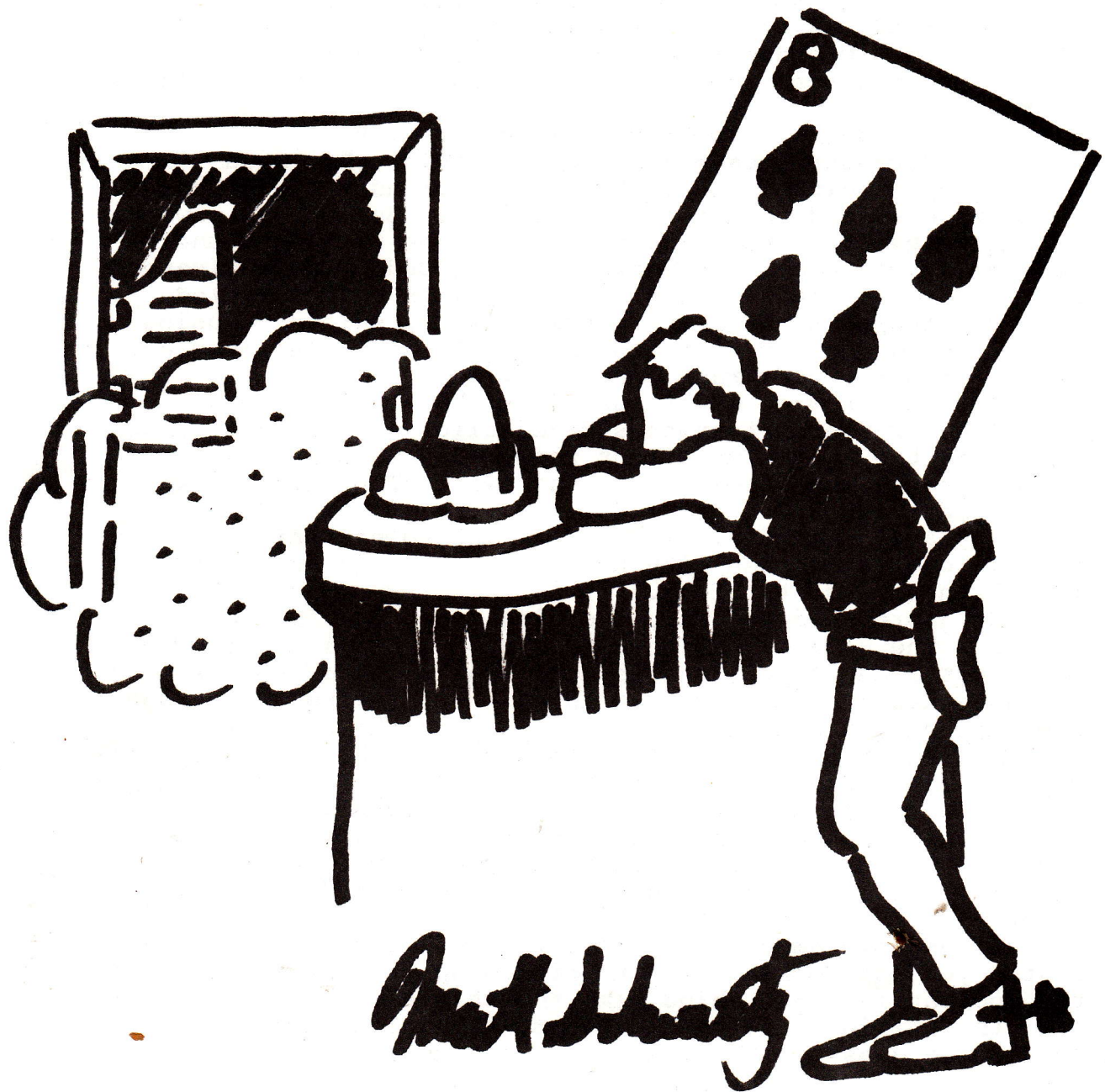
An unknown amount of time later he awoke, feeling rested yet not looking it. He picked up his hat and left the ancient saloon. Behind him, the chandelier that hung from the ceiling fell to the floor with a loud crash of shattering glass. The Stranger didn't notice.



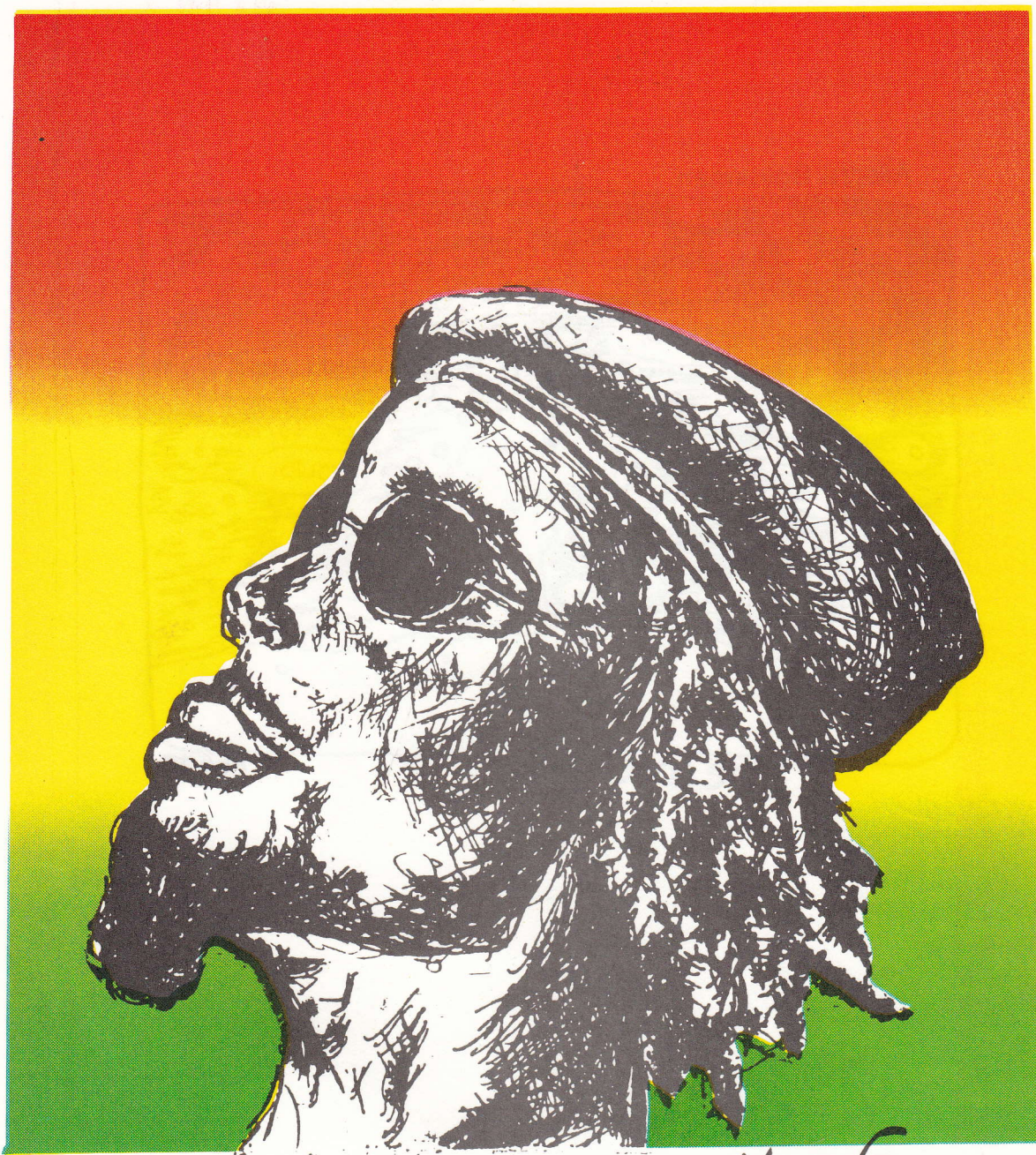
The sun was just coming up, shedding a yellow light and making the atmosphere less than dismal.

The Stranger fixed his hat, hooked his thumbs in his belt, and walked slowly out of town. He left the way he came behind him, not thinking about it except in his dreams.

Matt Schwartz



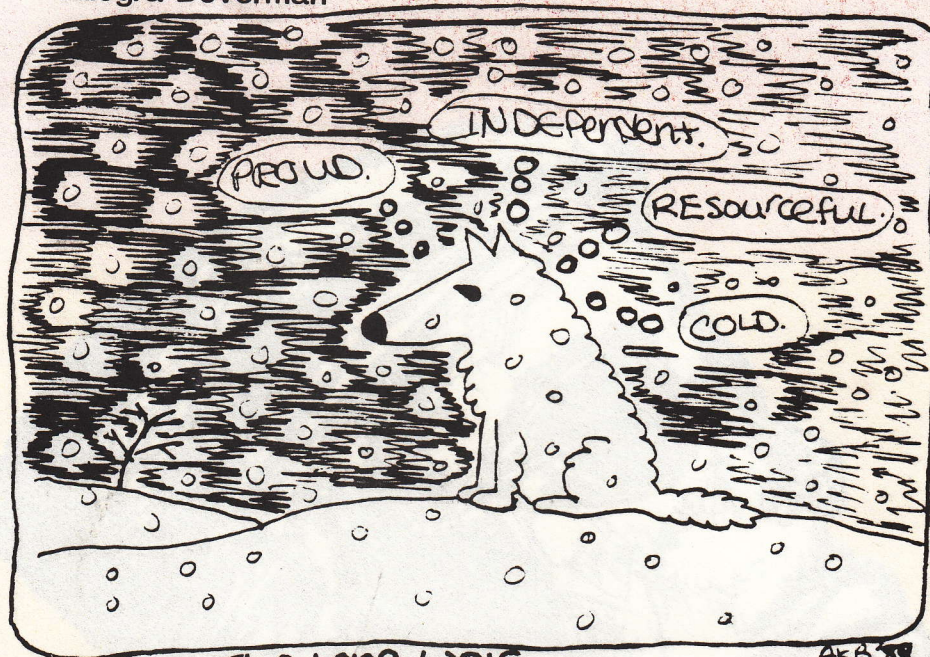




Mary 89



Allegra Boverman



The Lone Wolf

AKS 88





Abby Feldman



Deborah Stutz

## Dappled Concrete

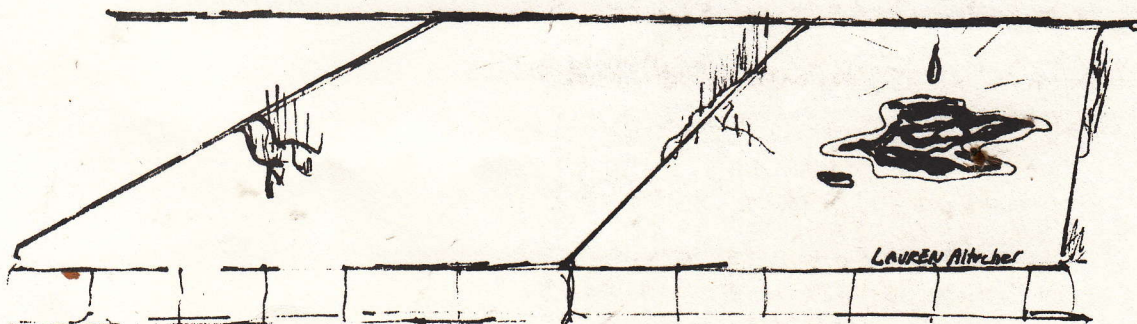
Profiles in the sky  
Complementing shady green collages.  
A silent but fluid warning  
Passed by songless birds  
As the bitter air prickles.

Needles burst balloons one by one,  
And snappings of shutters  
A cacaphony, like popping corn.

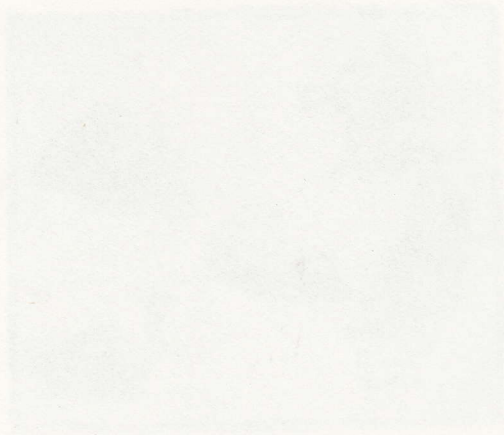
Dark periphery against blue and purple,  
Being sifted by shredded whistles.

A drop darkens parchment concrete  
Inscribing the storms' name.

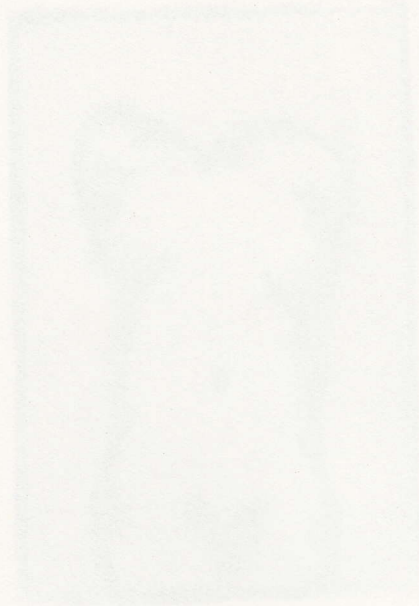
Lauren Altucher







Delaware State



Delaware State

## Delaware State

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Teach me half the gladness  
that thy brain must know  
such harmonious madness  
from my lips would flow .

The world would listen then, as I am listening now!

Percy Bysshe Shelley







## Clowning

In the Beginning...there was Fred...

Da Na Da Na  
Na Na Na Na

Then the dinosaurs became extinct and mammals ruled the earth. Among these mammals were Aaron Watkins and the like. Behind them were the other mammals: Shanas, Joshes, Chuckies, Dans, Evans, Jasons (well, Dan was really more of a marsupial, and Lord knows what Shana is...). These were followed by even more creatures, who called themselves, simply, "CLOWNS." Oh yeah, and then we domesticated the AJ, our amicable, indomitable, abominable JC, and POOF! Civilization!

In the first half of the summer of 1989, our nose-flute maestro, Aaron Watkins, led us (and Danny and Lou) through the murky depths of ghosts, superstition, intrigue, lanyard camps, and tropical fruits. All the clowns had a sheet-load of fun.

As Aaron was preparing to join the circus, like he wanted to when he was a kid, an old mystic figure appeared at the door with paintbrush in hand and cap on head. He created a new order of clowning: the word "skit" was outlawed, thousands of signs were created, and this Fred appointed himself our sensei.

"Life," he said, "is like an onion. You gotta peel away each layer until you get to the core." Fred also applied the onion principle to clowning, which explains the shop's smell.

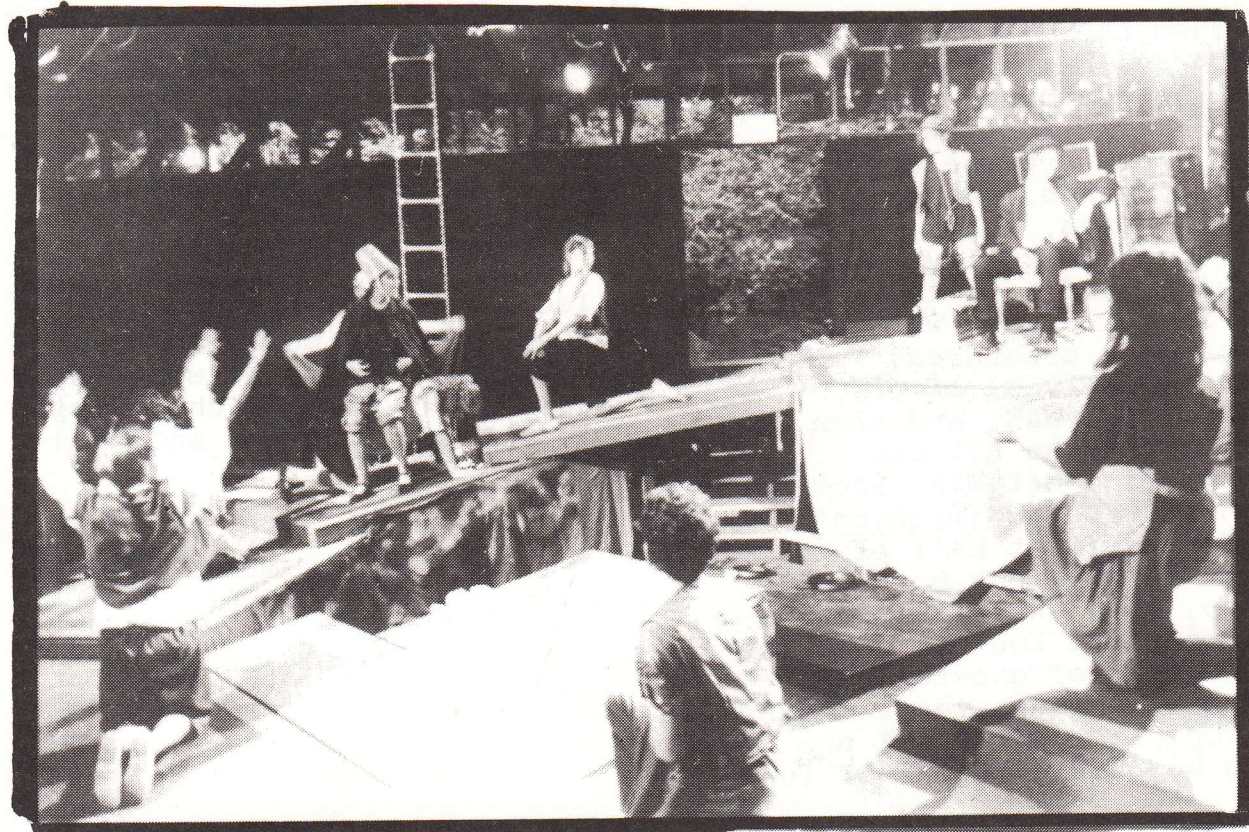
All in all, we had a summer filled with fun, romance, action, whipped cream, lime Jello, British wannabes, doodie, monkeys, music, mucus, paper mache, waxing philosophical, bobism, and quadratic equations.

The CIT Staph





# ACTORS' STUDIO



The Actors' Studio: a rather large shop, wouldn't you say? Improvisation, character work, being on stage, being behind stage, and the life of a professional actor were just a few things we learned about in the classes, which were held from nine to twelve every morning.

There were five plays done in the Studio this summer. The first was Life in the Theatre, which was a series of monologues and scenes about--yep! You got it! Next was Buck and Rock's Excellent Adventure. What can we say? It was truly excellent. Then came Roar of the Greasepaint, Smell of the Crowd, in which the game of

life was put to music in the first musical in the Studio in many years. Then was Tales of Trickery, which was an unusual slice of Indonesian life. And last but certainly not least, was our festival show, Live Poets' Society. Thanks to Doug, Alice, Debby, Kate and Leigh Anne for all of their support. If this article is not meeting your needs, breathe, keep grounded, and feel your feet. And always remember--it's all about safety and risk.

Michelle Gittelsohn  
Nicole Hanrahan  
(With help from Leah Reisman)



## A Typical Dance Class

We trudge into the Dance Studio, plop down onto the floor, and flip on the fan. (It's the "9:00 is too early for any class" syndrome.) Carolyn and Rachel drag themselves up to their feet and begin their CIT work, pushing and shoving the great big wooden doors open and sweeping up all the dead bugs that have gathered overnight. They then fall back onto the floor with the other two--sometimes three--"moving forces" in the dance department (campers) and enjoy a peaceful rest.

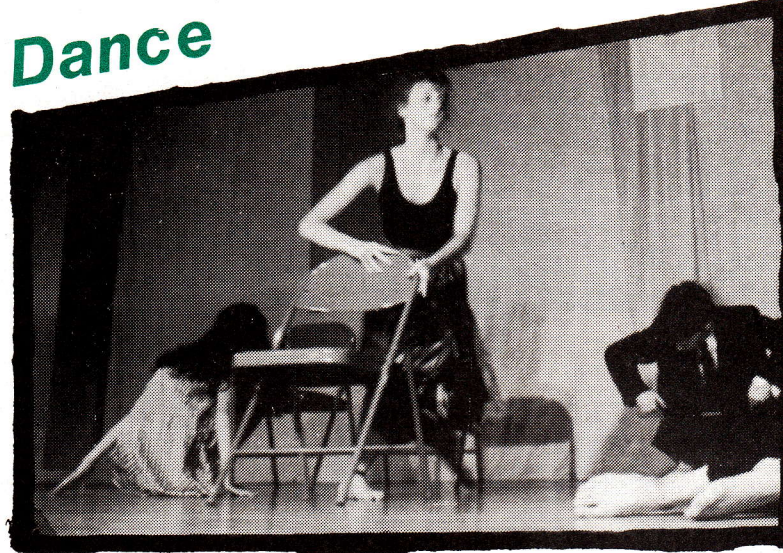
In shuffles Shane, half asleep, with his Shane ExpressO'Hara coffee mug in hand. He's wearing his grungy sweatpants and his Zero Moving T-shirt, neither of which have ever made it into the laundry. "Good morning, campers!" he exclaims, in his best imitation of a happy counselor. After not receiving any recognition for having arrived or spoken, he yells, "Slugs!" and collapses onto his chair.

The doors swing open and Tom strides in, obviously having just finished his coffee. He walks onto the floor and begins to dance, "owooming" to himself for accompaniment. The "slugs" still on the floor are not fazed by Tom's anything-but-subtle hints for them to rise and begin, in Tom's words, "lubricating their muscles."

Not having succeeded at his first attempt, Tom takes out the ever-annoying Chinese gold bowl and dings it until Rachel's screams awaken the dead. The almighty Shane tumbles from his chair to start his sacred bongo playing. "Mom-ma, Pop-pa, Mom-ma, Pop-pa..." The class officially begins.

Tom starts counting "one and two through seven and eight" to the familiar foot exercise. The class joins in on the counting chants and half-heartedly does the warm-ups. Shane pipes up from

## Dance



behind his bongos to yell "Esbra!" at the clumped together dancers in his poor excuse for a Portuguese accent.

The warm-ups completed, Shane and Tom gather us together to give a lecture about the importance of water. Carolyn then realizes that she has once again forgotten to fill the dance jug with water. She dashes over to the CIT bathrooms and runs back, trying to act as if the jug had been filled all along. After we waterlog our bodies, the obscure Portuguese music begins to play. We start triplets across the floor, trying to avoid the large sculpture and bags of newspaper at the far end of the studio.

Suddenly Lisa runs in, babbling about one of her Annex kids, and apologizes excessively for being late. The class ends with step hops, and then the "slugs" fall down from exhaustion. Thus the morning torture ritual concludes. Tom parades out of the studio feeling refreshed, and Shane shuffles back to his bunk to sleep.

P.S. We really love dancing anyway.

Carolyn Aibel CIT  
Lauren Wolfe  
Rachel Slater CIT  
with moral support from Nadine Robins, Ed Budd, Benjy Schachter





## Guitar Shop

The Guitar Shop started off slowly this year. There was no shed and no full time counselor, just an assist, Gina McCarthy, and a CIT, myself. Then a plane from Denmark landed and a solution stepped out: Morten "Guitar Dane" Lind. Together we taught the only thing that the guitar shop did have from the beginning: students. In between lessons, we played with the jazz band and gave each other lessons in both guitar and English. We also managed to perform, not only in jazz but also by ourselves. My big accomplishment this summer was teaching Morten some English other than Simon and Garfunkel songs (Morten you big galoot).

By the end of the summer, Morten and I both accomplished quite a lot in learning and teaching music as well as learning about each other's different backgrounds. Morten even stopped calling me Julio. All in all it was a good summer for the Guitar Shop. Even if we still don't have a shed, we always have the guitar.

David Ullman



# Buck's Rock

Seth Gitner



Life at the Music Shed this summer reads something like a fairy tale:

Once upon a time in the kingdom of Buck's Rock, far away between the regions of Silkscreen and the Actors' Studio, there was a small municipality, a duchy known as the Music Shed, which was referred to as the MuShed by its inhabitants.

The Buck's Rockians, by nature an unusual, artistic race, had the utmost respect and love for the performing arts, including music (for the MuShed was the official headquarters of the Buck's Rock Musicians' Guild). Thus the duties of the Music Shed in the summer of 1989 were multifaceted.

I. They taught lessons. Since the beginning of time, the Music Shed has spread the beauty of music and love thereof throughout the kingdom. In 1989, this sacred task was executed by Sir John, Sir Kimako, the Lady Erika, the Lady Cheryl, the Lady Beth, the Lady Jayne, the Lady Bess, Sir Chris, Sir Walter Lee, Sir Leo, Sir Kurt, Sir Brett, Sir Jon, Sir David, and Good Sir Dan.

II. They practiced the art of ensemble playing. Aside from the traditional Buck's Rock ensembles (orchestra, string orchestra, chorus, jazz ensemble, and jazz improvisation), 1989 saw the emergence of a rock improv group, a madigral group, and several small string ensembles. Together they played and performed works by such masters of old and new as Mozart, Jim Henson, and Duke Richard White.

III. They brought Buck's Rockians to the mythical fairyland of Tanglewood to bear witness to the Boston Symphony Orchestra performing the works of Tchaikovsky and the renowned Copland.

## Music Shed



IV. They brought music to the camp via their own concerts and other events such as Concrete Pillows, a dance performance.

V. They did their fair share of wicked dragon-saving, fair maiden-slaying, enchanted frog kissing, and other such chivalrous nonsense as was prevalent in that backward age.

VI. Finally, there was the day-to-day governing of the duchy. Duke Richard White, with the help of his minister Kurt and his squires, Sir John, Sir David, and the Lady Elizabeth, saw to it that everyday tasks (such as sweeping, photocopying, redecorating, writing yearbook articles, and cleaning the toads out of the treacle well) were executed with prompt eagerness and the finesse only the Music Shed should muster.

And thus the evil dragon was saved.

And they all lived happily ever after.

Except for Lully.

The End.

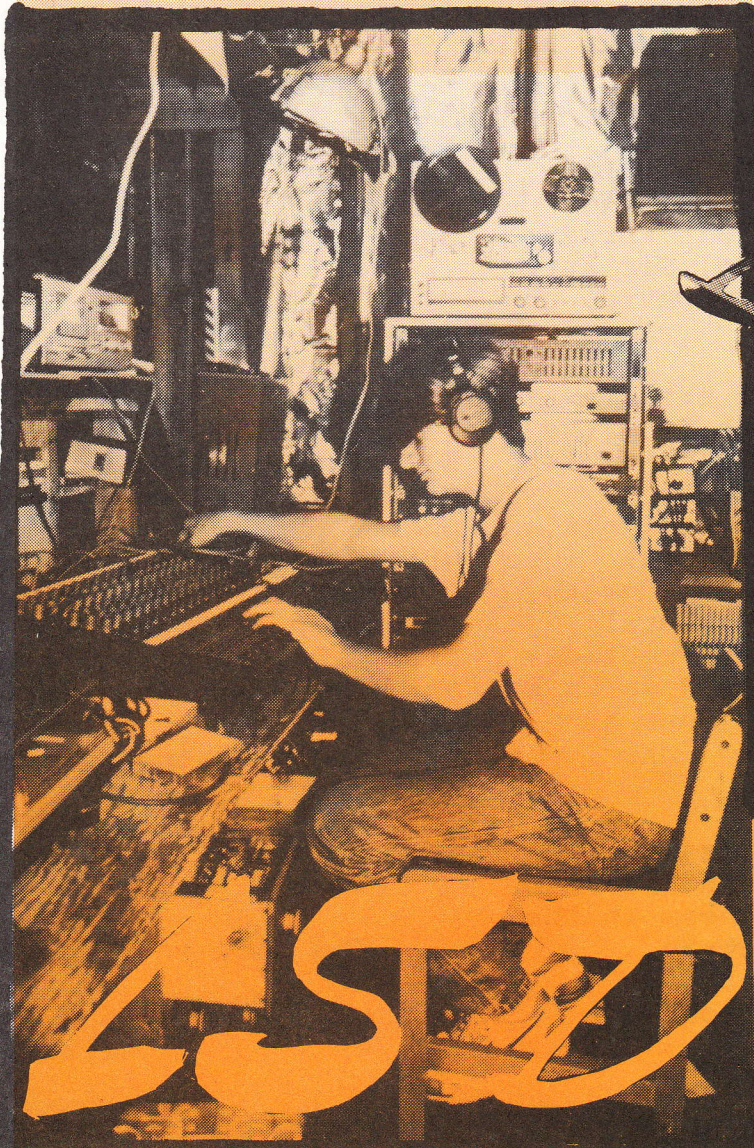
Elizabeth Stein



# LSD

1989 was a fine year for Lighting and Sound Design. The multi-set production of Pygmalion provided us with quite a challenge. Theodore Koski, our lighting designer, and Merlin Thompson, one of our sound counselors, helped make Antigone a mystical creation. It was Roar of the Greasepaint, Smell of the Crowd that brought new meaning to lighting in the Actor's Studio. Eileen Tague designed sound for the magical production of A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Along with the major productions, we were challenged with the demands from dancers and special events. The ever sick P.A. system is finally on a slow recovery back to health.



Seth Gitner



# Summer Theatre

The three Summer Theater productions this year were Pygmalion, Antigone, and A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Pygmalion - As the show opened, the actors tried their best to do their English accents. In the audience you could hear the British counselors snicker as Liza screamed, "Ow eez ya-ooa san is e?" and "ah-ah-ah-ow-ow-ow-oo." The first act concluded with the powerful statement of "damnation." Pygmalion was truly about "safety and risk." The curtain call was Kimako's true claim to fame.

The second Summer Theater production was Antigone, directed by Alice Forrester. It's the story of a girl in a parachute fighting against three "men." Antigone has a love scene with her fiancé, Haeman, while in a headlock. The play concluded with "What Do You Do After a Revolution? Go out to eat, ha, ha, ha!"

The third Summer Theater show was Midsummer Night's Dream. It was directed by Kate Harper. Midsummer is a play about court attendants, fairies, and four main couples. To be in this play one cannot be afraid of heights.

The Summer Theater plays have been a valuable learning experience as well as a lot of fun! Our JC's, Amy Budd and Sara Lyons, provided much needed help on all three productions as well as moral support for the cast.

This year was the summer of "the rake and the rug." Thank you to the talented Bob Harper and his crew for their incredible sets. A special thank you to the brilliant Kate Harper and Alice Forrester for directing our productions. The skilled CIT's, who only do "real theater", are Carolyn Baver, Hayley Finn, Michelle Gittlesohn, Nicole Hanrahan, Charlie McWade, Leah Reisman, and Sara Zimbard. We will never forget the summer of '89.

Carolyn Baver CIT  
Heyley Finn CIT  
Sara Zimbard CIT



Staci Lichterman



# WBBC

How could the summer possibly end without that final call?

"Levels!" blared Rachel.

"Peaking!" yelled Chris.

"Offensive!" said a wide-eyed, open-mouthed Steve.

It would have to be Doug who said over this chorus, "Why are you always here? Why don't you go to any other shops? Why don't you go to jewelry and make some thing for your girlfriend?"

And of course Jed stood there 1/98th alive and said those all too familiar words: "I'm going to take a nap."

Josh and Casey were on the air, with a packed studio 1 and a broken stylus. Sam was in studio 5, trying to edit the "Dice" tape and looking for subliminal messages. Yes, it was a truly typical day at WBBC.

## The 1989 Last Will and Testament

To Steve Ansell, head of the shop, we leave a nude photo of Debbie Gibson, and A.J.'s first red clown nose.

To Chris Dicke, we leave the world's largest collection of handlebar moustaches, and a list of more interesting places to meet girls than the infirmary.

To Rachel Laschever, we leave some Valium, a box of Sudafed, and a crate of Peter Gabriel tapes.

To Stu Pudell, we leave some Anthrax tapes.

To Steve Sherman & Ilene, we leave our record collection (excluding Billy Joel's and The Who's Greatest Hits.)

To Doug Freniere, we leave an alarm clock, a map of the studio, and somebody to woo.

To Sam Pocker, we leave some good jokes and studio 5 (not including what is in it)!

To Josh & Casey, we leave a broken stylus and a fuse.

## The Ten Most Overplayed Songs of 1989

1. Pinball Wizard-The Who
2. Orange Crush-R.E.M.
3. Funky Cold Medina-Tone-Loc
4. Forever Your Girl-Paula Abdul
5. Anything by U2
6. 18 And Life-Skid Slow
7. Stairway to Heaven-Led Zeppelin
8. Burning Down The House-Talking Heads
9. Falling-Steve Ansell
10. Comfortably Numb-Pink Floyd

Amanda Saslow

Sam Pocker

